

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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No. 1.

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

WITH NOT MUCH IN IT.

'The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.'

Ecce.

It is strange that a man living so comfortably as Mr. BODGERS should not have been satisfied. Why, pray, does he not take the world easy? And you, my dear Sir, or Madam, turned of forty, with enough of money and no family; with a house and old silver; with a horse and gig, and, may be, a good pew in the church; why on earth are you not satisfied?

What business have you to be troubled about your cook, or your carpenter, or your broker, or your life past, or your life to come? Haven't you got it all nearly in your own way? Are you not, like an old fool, quarrelling with yourself all the while, simply because you haven't any little family about you to tease you, and worry you, and so give you some sensible reason for being annoyed?

Well, Mr. BODGERS was fidgety. The fire vexed him: it wouldn't burn as he wished. The sunshine vexed him: it was so warm, and so grateful, and so cheap, and none but he in the great parlor. His coat vexed him; and the people of the town vexed him: most of all, it vexed him to see his next-door neighbor (who was only a carpenter) fondling his little daughter. What business has a man to be enjoying himself in this way, and to be eternally taunting us with our condition? And Mr. BODGERS took snuff for relief.

And having taken snuff, he thinks of his Will, and of KITTY: and glancing out of the window again, he thinks he will go to town and see how little KIR is getting on.

VOL. XLI.

I

And being in town, and learning that cousin PHOEBE was to give a party, to which the Miss FUDGES, with KITTY, had been invited, (at a very late hour,) he insists in his usual way that KIT should go and have a sight of the world. Partly, no doubt, he was anxious to tease the old lady by his presence, and partly to enjoy the admiration he felt sure would belong to his little country-friend.

‘A fig for dress!’ said Mr. BODGERS. And so, (although between the discussions of JEMIMA and BRIDGET, about the purple dress and the pink one, and the salmon-color with gimp trimmings, KITTY came near having no chance to dress at all,) it was arranged that our little country-cousin should wear a simple white muslin. And very prettily she looked in it; so prettily that the spinster cousins insisted upon half a dozen kisses each, much to the admiration of the fond old Mr. BODGERS; and to his vexation too.

I think the coral necklace, the only ornament she wore, rather added to the effect of KITTY’s complexion; it was certainly the most charming color I ever saw. Mrs. BRIGHT, who had no daughters, and was a brunette, made the same remark. ‘Perfectly irresistible,’ said I — ‘for a blonde.’

Mrs. BRIGHT bowed, and begged me to join her party for the ninth. (Mrs. FUDGE’s ball was on the sixth of the month.)

And KITTY enjoyed it all very much, as a sensible young lady from the country on her first visit ought to do. For she was made of flesh and blood like the rest of us, and admired the brilliant dresses, and the music, and the dancing; and in short, was quite intoxicated with it all.

‘Who is she?’ said a great many, looking through their quizzing-glasses. And KITTY, whose ears were sharp, heard them say it; and her heart, which was not altogether a flint one, bounded under the little white bodice, in a way that sent the blood, in a very lively manner, over her face.

‘And how pretty!’ said other ladies, (old ladies mostly;) and KITTY heard that too, and received it, as young ladies always do, in a most cordial and grateful manner. For she was no saint. I do not think a saint would make a sensation in our world, or be greatly admired in New-York. I know I should not like to marry a saint. I am sure that she would make one very uncomfortable.

Strange as it may seem, KITTY enjoyed the attentions of such elegant young gentlemen as Mr. QUID and Mr. SPINDLE; so unlike as they proved to the monotonous chamber-talks of her spinster cousins. And beside, there belonged to them such piquancy of chat, and such admirable watchfulness of her humors, (bless her guileless innocence!) and such playful, good-tempered, sportive sallies about this old lady’s head-dress, or that one’s blue and yellow brocade!

Not in an evening, or in a month, does the healthful and exuberant life of a young girl’s mind attune itself to the artifice of the town, or see behind the affected kindnesses which cloak so much that is vain — if indeed it be not worse than vain.

And Uncle TRUMAN, with his slung arm, wandering here and there, provoking smiles, that reddened more and more the rich color of my Aunt SOLOMON, kept his eye ever upon the fitting figure in white muslin,

and upon the coral necklace. Indeed, I suspect it was only to watch that little figure that he had found his way up to town; and I more than suspect that all the home vexations which so preyed on him, would have found very great relief if he could only have wandered, as in past years he was used to wander, into Mrs. FLEMING's cottage, and be greeted with one of KITTY's kisses.

Where our benefits and favors go, we like to go ourselves: and having lavished more than he ever lavished elsewhere upon KITTY FLEMING, it was natural enough that he should love to watch her. But in the face of young Mr. QUID, there was something that greatly disturbed Mr. BODGERS; and only the more because KITTY seemed ever so intent upon what he whispered in her ear. It was strange enough that the old man should be so jealous of a boy, and of a boy he must have seen and despised; yet a boy, after all, who when he has Mr. BODGERS' years, and his gravity, will not look unlike our Uncle TRUMAN himself.

How can it be?

And when, after it is over, Mr. BODGERS, with KITTY leaning on his arm, strolls to her home, without any mention of a name, (but with very much thought of the sleek-looking boy,) he cautions her, in an old man's way, against the vanities and the pretensions of which the world is full.

And she, all tremulous with the excitement which such an evening will strew over the fancies of seventeen, listens kindly — how kindly! and smiles, and blushes to the moon, and feels her heart made twin with the love of the pleasantness gone by, and with grateful yearnings toward the old man (alas, that he is so old!) who watches over her, and guards her!

And Mr. BODGERS, listening to the trip of those young feet, as they twinkle between the heavy tread of his own, and looking down — oftener than he thinks — upon the little hand that clings so confidently to his strong arm, provokes her gay prattle, and drinks it in, and admires, and smiles, and advises, with most curious and perplexed attention.

'Never mind wealth, or beautiful things, KITTY.'

'Not mind them, Uncle TRUMAN?'

'You shall have enough of them, KITT. I will see to that.'

And the little hand closes over the stout arm — so kindly!

'Dresses, and jewels, and whatever you like, KITTY, if — only —'

'Well, Uncle TRUMAN — ?'

'— If only — (he cannot say it) — if only — you will be always the same true-thoughted girl, and not have your heart turned topsy-turvy by these tricky, good-for-nothing fellows.'

'Oh no,' says KITTY, wondering what he means all the while.

And when they are at the door, he says, with his hand in hers, (which he hurts without meaning it,) 'Remember, KITTY!'

And she says, 'Yes, Uncle TRUMAN.'

'I told you you should have whatever you wished, if you will only take it.'

'You are so kind,' says she.

'Good night, KITT: one kiss.'

And he takes it. 'Yes, she *shall*,' says he to himself, 'every thing, every thing!'

It is a starry and a moon-light night, and the old gentleman walks

away, summing up the bounties and the luxuries he could and he will bestow upon her. There is a luxury, after all, in wealth, when we can give. But alas for us! it is almost always given too late.

BRIDGET is waiting to receive KITTY, who in the first burst of her excitement tells of all the kindness of Mr. BODGERS. (If he could only have heard her!)

'What a dear, good, awkward old gentleman,' says BRIDGET. (If he could only have heard her!)

Afterward, upon a very restless pillow, KITTY runs over the scenes of the evening, and wonders (as young girls do wonder) if Mr. QUID, and the rest, were altogether so earnest as they seemed? And wonders if she herself is altogether so charming as they would make her believe? And wonders if this or that one, such elegant young fellows, will come to call upon her, as they have more than hinted? And wonders if she could love any one of them truly, as she only means to love? And wonders what Mr. BODGERS could mean by promising her 'every thing,' in such a gentle manner? And then she blushes at the wonder, and says, 'Oh no, absurd!' and composes herself for the night's rest.

But even now, her thought runs swiftly to the old village, the evening's excitement deepening her affection only because the blood is flowing faster and freer, (which she does not know;) and murmuring blessings upon that country home, and upon her mother, and all, she drops to sleep with a smile; a smile that (if one could see it) is all the prettier, because it is lighted with a tear.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

CONTAINING A GREAT DEAL

— 'The scene begins to cloud.'

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

NEXT morning Mr. BODGERS sent to KITTY a pearl necklace, and very rich it was; far prettier than one that WILHELMINA had worn the night before.

'Cousin PHŒBE, with all her airs, sha'n't turn up her nose at little KITTY,' said the old gentleman; and with that he took an amiable pinch of snuff, and blew his nose quite loudly, and walked off in a grand way.

It vexed him not a little to think of young QUID. To be sure, he knew nothing bad of him except his look, and his parentage. Squire BODGERS was not the man to treat complacently such a person as QUID senior. To pay one's debts was a part of what he counted good character; and he professed no sort of regard for a man who robbed legally, and paid his dues with what he wickedly called, a 'damnable civility.' He always felt a strong disposition to cane the sleek-looking Mr. QUID, whenever he caught sight of him picking his steps through the streets, with his gold-headed cane, and forestalling sneers with the most profound obsequiousness.

If he had only suspected — what I must confess I had suspected for a long time — that QUID's late wife, and the mother of the dashing lad, who showed such annoying attentions the evening before, was perhaps a blood relation of himself, (although a woman of uncertain character,)

I think his disposition to cane the widower would have been much stronger than it was.

It is certain he would not have left his Will so long unsigned in the pigeon-hole of his desk.

However, Mr. BODGERS returned to Newtown, quarrelled (amiably) with the foreman of his tan-works, scolded his house-keeper, and indulged in a hundred of those bachelor vexations which are so natural to men of his age and condition; and finally, one bright morning, (it was spring weather,) stepped round to Mr. BIVINS' office to execute his Will.

Mr. BIVINS was out; but HARRY FLINT, who had not yet arranged the leave-taking, at which I have hinted — and who, I am bound to say, had grown somewhat sallow and melancholy — occupied the office.

Squire BODGERS, who always went straight to his mark, and entertained (honest man that he was) a considerable contempt for legal talk and forms, wished to sign a paper. Mr. FLINT was as good a witness as Mr. BIVINS: and although two might have been better than one, one was better than none.

'Give us a pen, HARRY,' said the Squire.

And the pen was brought; and the Squire, with a very tremulous hand, (for his arm was still lame,) wrote 'TRUMAN BODGERS.'

'Witness it, HARRY.'

And HARRY witnessed it without a word; for he thought of the marriage settlements, and wished (almost) that the excellent Mr. TRUMAN was in the other world. And he noticed with his lawyer's eye that the Squire's lame arm had executed a signature without his usual flourish.

'Give us your hand, HARRY,' said the Squire. 'They tell me you are off?'

'Off to-morrow, Sir,' said HARRY, 'for California.'

'God bless me! so far?' said the Squire. 'Well, be honest; stick to work; you're young, HARRY, very young.'

And I think Mr. BODGERS sighed, as he marched home.

Three days after, he set off for town. His village was three or four miles from the river, and he drove down leisurely, taking little notice of a road which he passed over so often, and which he would probably pass over a great many times again. The people who lived there, his neighbors, bade him good morning, and said to themselves carelessly, 'So the Squire is going to town.'

And the widow FLEMING saw him, and called after him to 'give her love to KITTY.'

'That I will,' said the Squire, and chuckled, when he thought that he would give his own too.

'I wish I was a trifle younger,' says Mr. BODGERS to himself.

'Young enough,' says Duty, silently, (as Duty always talks when she talks loudest,) 'young enough to do good.'

And Mr. BODGERS could not say nay, so he whipped on, and at the landing he took the fast boat. It is a sad American cure for neglected duty, or for lagging charity, to get over the ground, or the water, fast. When we feel the spur of conscience, we stick the spur in our horse, and the glow of haste we take for the flush of fulfilment. In our hurry and scurry, the nerves grow dead: when the inner monitor asks what victo-

ries we have won, we point only to the wide space we have gone over. But there is coming a time to us all, when the distance that a life has made good will be measured, not by miles or by hundreds of them, but by the worthiness of deeds.

‘Fudge!’ you say. And the word brings me back to my story.

Mr. BODGERS took the Eclipse, being a faster boat than the Rapid. Yet the Rapid had made good time that day, and the boats were nearly abreast at the dock.

‘We shall beat her twenty minutes into New-York,’ said the captain, looking at his watch; and he went below to the fire-room.

And Mr. BODGERS, although a cautious man, (we are all cautious in our way,) regarded the race with considerable interest. It was hinted, indeed, by some timid people, that there might be danger, and that it was ‘an abominable risk;’ but no body, save some few nervous ladies, were disturbed by such a hint as that. Once, indeed, there was a slight crash, which created some uneasiness; but it proved to be only the result of a playful manoeuvre on the part of the pilot, who had dexterously run the bow of the Eclipse into the guards of the other boat, crushing a few timbers, and exciting quite a laugh among the loungers on the forward deck.

Mr. BODGERS thought such management improper, and said as much to Mr. BLIMMER; whom he accidentally found on board, and whom he had occasionally met at the house of the widow FUDGE. Mr. BLIMMER, however, smiled sagaciously; and remarked in his usual voluble tones, that ‘we are a go-ahead people, a great people, Mr. BODGERS: boating, rail-roading, telegraphing, towns springing up in a day; wonderful people, Sir. We shall be in town, Sir, by five; think of that, Sir! Eighteen miles in the hour, Sir, against tide!’

Mr. BLIMMER had found it for his interest to take stock in the Eclipse, as proprietor of Blimmersville. His card, with a diagram of the place, was hanging in the captain’s office. The clerk was instructed to ask strangers if they had visited the pretty town of Blimmersville; and the steward had entered upon his bill of fare, ‘Blimmersville pudding.’ It was a dear pudding.

Mr. BLIMMER assured Mr. BODGERS that there were a ‘few remaining lots at Blimmersville, which offered a capital chance for speculation; highly eligible lots, purposely reserved for men of standing and influence.’

‘Lots which sold at five dollars the foot, are now selling, Squire, at fifteen. We have a capital grocer in the place, and (what is rare) an honest one. There are but a very few inferior or unhealthy locations, as the physician assures us, upon the property. These we have kept in reserve for public uses, either a parsonage, or infant school, or something of that kind.’

Mr. BODGERS took snuff—a strong pinch.

Mr. BLIMMER drew out his chart. He designated the favorable ‘locations.’ ‘This was for the church—Gothic, with four spires, one at each corner, bell in the tower; arrangements nearly matured with a city clergyman, a man of genteel connections, and well calculated to give respectability to the village.’

The Eclipse gained upon the Rapid, much to the satisfaction of the

company upon the forward deck, who gave vent to their satisfaction by a subdued cheer.

Mr. BLIMMER proceeded with his details, to the evident annoyance of Mr. BODGERS. 'What do you think of the matter, Squire?' says Mr. BLIMMER, confidently.

'I think, BLIMMER, that it's an infernal humbugging business, from the parsonage down, and I'll have nothing to do with the matter.' And he tapped his snuff-box vigorously.

I think Mr. BLIMMER would have resented this, in his voluble way, if some timid ladies, frightened by the increased speed and heat, and the unusual creaking of the boat, had not implored the gentlemen to intercede with the captain.

'Pho, pho!' said Mr. BLIMMER; 'staunch boat; good captain; all right.'

Mr. BODGERS, however, to whom it seemed that the press of steam was unusual, walked forward to drop a word to the engineer.

'We know what we are about, old fellow,' said the engineer.

Presently—it could hardly have been ten minutes later—they said some body cried out that the boat was on fire. And to be sure, a little black smoke was coming out from the door of the fire-room.

'Pho, pho!' said Mr. BLIMMER, folding up his chart, 'it's nothing at all.'

But soon there was blaze, as well as smoke; and a few of the people rushed forward, very fortunately, as it proved. But the greater part were calling out for the captain, or trying to calm the women, who were now screaming with fright. No body, however, seemed to know where the captain was; even Mr. BLIMMER thought it 'quite extraordinary,' and said '*they* would run her ashore directly.'

Still the boat headed down the river, the Rapid being now far behind; the pilot and engineers probably not being greatly incommoded by the flames, which now swept through the pass-ways on either side of the engine.

Mr. BODGERS, not losing his coolness as yet, took BLIMMER by the arm, (and it shows how common danger levels all anger and strife,) 'BLIMMER,' said he, 'this may be a bad business; I accuse no body, though the captain ought to be hung, if a soul dies. I have got a valuable paper in my pocket; I shall hand it to you; if I get to shore, I can renew it; if not, (and the old gentleman did not tremble,) it will be safe with you.' And he handed him his will.

BLIMMER put it in his coat-pocket.

By this time—for the time counted by minutes now, and the alarm was general—the ladies were well nigh in a state of frenzy, and the boat was headed to the shore. Even BLIMMER was in a state of nervous inquietude. The flames crackled and roared loudly; and there were hoarse orders screamed out now and then from beyond the smoke; but no body seemed to know who gave them, or what they were. Indeed the cries of the women were so loud in the after-part of the vessel, that it was impossible almost to distinguish any words at all.

A few persons in the inner cabin were praying for God to save them. Very likely, they were those who never asked Him for any thing before.

One or two men, driven by frenzy no doubt, had thrown themselves overboard, from the forward deck; and came drifting by swiftly; and floated far off behind, where the sun seemed to lie very warmly on the water; but except they were good swimmers, which, saving one, they were not, they went down.

A poor little fellow of ten years old, or thereabout, came to Mr. BODGERS, and took his arm beseechingly. 'Will you save me, Sir?' said he, 'for my father is not here.'

'God save you, my boy!' said Mr. Bodgers; 'for no one else can.'

At this, the boy cried; and Mr. BODGERS led him aft, and lashed him as well as he could, for his lame arm, (the boy remembers him well,) to a settee, and dropped him overboard; and he was picked up by a boat half an hour after.

While this was passing, the boat was gaining the land, though the flames were spreading; and soon, just as the people were rushing up the stairway upon the hurricane-deck, the boat drove upon the shore. The shock threw many off their feet, and into the water.

Those who were upon the forward-deck, the captain and pilot and engineers among them, (who had taken great care to be in a safe place,) jumped ashore.

But for those in the after-part of the vessel, the danger was not yet over. The stern was swinging out two hundred feet or more from the land, and the water had good depth—some twenty feet, or perhaps more than that. A little strip of the upper-deck still remained good, though those who passed over it were compelled to pass through a wall of smoke and flame. A few adventurous ones, Mr. BLIMMER among them, passed over, and threw themselves from the bow upon the shore, or at the worst, into very shallow water.

The women with their light dresses could never venture upon that crossing through the flame. Indeed, the deck, which was but fragile, was even now yielding, and swaying to the flames below. Mr. BODGERS went forward, to cross; but had the failing bridge yielded with him, lame as he was, it would have brought an awful death. And even while he hesitated, what remained of the upper deck about the engine fell with a crash; and the blinding smoke and cinders drove him back to the extreme after part of the vessel.

The scene was very terrible around him. Some few upon the shore, who had struggled through the water, were shivering with cold, and beckoning to those on board which way they had best go. And one or two noble fellows (among them a man who was honored before, and who is doubly honored now*) were struggling to save the helpless females, who, driven by the flames, dropped themselves into the river.

And those who had thrown themselves overboard were contending not only with the waves, but fiercely struggling with each other, like beasts. For fear had maddened them.

Mr. BODGERS turned his eyes from this. But there was no escaping the sight of Death: and one time or other, it will be the same for us all. Death was every where around him, crying to him—gurgling in

* Mr. DOWNING.

his ears—staring at him with fixed eyes—clutching him with cold fingers—dragging him under!

There was indeed one more chance left. If he could work his way around by that narrow edge of the guard, which projects about a hand's breadth from the wheel-house, he might yet save himself. For the flames had not fairly broken through the outer covering of the wheel; or at most, only burst here and there through the cracks of the wood. Now and then, it is true, the wind drove the flame and smoke over the wheel, so that they reached the water; but as it was the only chance, the old gentleman (praying, I doubt not, silently) ventured upon this narrow foot-way.

Mr. BLIMMER, who had escaped, and retired for a while to the hill above the river, lest the boiler might explode, had come back now to the shore; and espying Mr. BODGERS, shouted to him, very charitably, to come on, and gain the forward guards, and so leap to the land, as he had done.

The old gentleman had but one arm with which to cling, and the path was narrow; beside, the flames, as I said, were shooting through the cracks of the wood, and becoming stronger every moment. But he went on bravely, his feet taking hold strongly of the little rib of timber, until he had half gone by the wheel; but here, unfortunately, a sudden whiff of the wind brought over from the other side a great cloud of smoke and flame, which burned his hair and his hands; and presently, so suffocated him, that he could keep his hold no longer; and he dropped heavily into the river.

Even now, there was a chance for him; for the land was only a hundred feet away, and he had been a strong swimmer in his time. But the weak arm crippled his strength; and one or two who were struggling in the water laid hold of him. A sloop's boat, which a noble fellow from the shore (I think he was a coachman) had manned, was going toward him, as he came up; and as he saw it coming, he struggled fiercely to shake off those who were holding upon him.

But before the boat came, his strength gave out; and with two persons clinging fast to him, in the sight of at least a hundred lookers-on, and under the warm spring sun, (it was mid-afternoon of April,) he went down—for ever!

'Pity!' said Mr. BLIMMER.

As the evening wore on, and all the strugglers upon the wreck had fallen off, or were burned, they commenced dragging up the bodies from the river. Among others, they drew up the body of Mr. BODGERS, looking very ghastly, as the bodies of the drowned do always. No more fever, or vexation, or trouble of any sort, for the Squire! It was over.

(As for Mr. BLIMMER, at ten o'clock—later by five hours than he had reckoned—he was in town; looking out for the interests of the owners, with the will of Mr. BODGERS in his pocket.)

And finally deep night fell; while the smoking embers threw a glare along the shore, and lighted the faces of the drowned ones, lying high upon the beach. And the engine, upon the rail-way track near by, passed to and fro the live-long night; shrieking as it came near to the scene of the wreck; and bringing mourners.

And the moon stole up softly into the sky overhead; and the waves rose and fell with the changing tide, murmuring pleasantly, as they always do. But there were none to note these things; for Death, in company with the owners and the captain of the boat, had wrought a damnable work there!

We Americans live fast. It is all over now—the sorrow, and the crime!

THE DEATH OF YOUNG HOPE.

BY JANET HALE.

‘Ye FAIR Hopes of our younger days, that did so lovinglie hold to their life; till ye cold wind of Experience snatched it away, and laid them still, for us to look on and say, ‘My poor dear Hopes!’”

SHE who went forth from us, a joyous child,
Her bright locks filleted with roses wild,
Smiles on her lips, and in her lifted eyes
The fair, reflected light of morning skies,
Came back no more: we found her long ago,
Faint unto death with wandering to and fro,
On the bleak hill-side, 'mid the fallen leaves,
Where months before the reaper bound his sheaves;
The cold, damp earth had chilled her weary feet,
The life-tide in its pulses scarcely beat;
Nor could the lily-lids that drooped so weak
Lift up their lashes from her pallid cheek.
Yet, when we spoke, though life was ebbing fast,
The wan lips smiled, still loving to the last.

A milder blast amid the tree-tops sighed,
And shuddering faintly, thus the child HOPE died.

'T WAS early spring-time when she wandered forth
To seek for blossoms o'er the budding earth;
And weaving of her treasures garlands gay,
As still the frail things faded in a day,
She flung them by, to seek for fairer flowers,
Whose leaves should glitter all the summer hours,
Imperishably bright. And tireless still,
Day after day she roamed o'er vale and hill,
Bringing fresh buds from green-sward and from grove
To form new wreaths, that withered as she wove.
Thus lapsed the spring-time; and the summer's close
Found her still seeking for the fadeless rose;
With paler cheek and slightly drooping frame,
Yet, in her child-like innocence and trust, the same.
And then the autumn came with wilder mood,
But still she wandered through the changing wood;
The skies were clouded, and the bitter storm
Swept in its fierceness o'er her slender form:

The withered leaves fell round her thick and fast,
But still she struggled with the mountain blast;
Until, within a sheltered dell, she found
The last fall-blossoms waving o'er the ground:
She stooped and plucked them, but her trembling hands
No longer wove them into gleaming bands;
And drooping earthward, like a blighted flower,
Thus did we find her at the sunset hour.

Oh! it was pitiful to see her there,
So strangely silent, with her sunny hair,
Whose long, loose locks swept down, a golden veil,
Around the face so innocent and pale;
The slender hands, like gathered lily-bells,
Folded above the young heart's pulseless cells,
And clasped within the thin white fingers still
The fading blossoms, gathered on the hill.
Yet, as in triumph over death, the while,
Around the parted lips the last sweet smile
Lingered so life-like, that, despite our fears,
Half doubtingly we stayed the gushing tears;
With trembling fingers touched the folded hands,
To seek the pulses, where life's silver sands,
Though e'er so faintly, through their channels crept,
And called her gently, as we thought she slept:
The lifeless hand dropped heavy from our own,
The lips we loved returned no answering tone,
And night came down, like shadow of the tomb,
No star-light beauty breaking through its gloom.

Time, in its ceaseless flight, has measured years,
Since thus, alone, in silence and in tears,
We gave the darling we had loved so well
In the cold mystery of death to dwell.
And other Hopes have risen in her place,
Some to attain their full, perfected grace;
While some have perished like the wayside flower,
Blooming in beauty — fading in an hour.
But none, to us, so pure and lovely seems,
As she who smiled upon our morning dreams;
Of all who moved amid that treasured throng,
None have we loved so dearly, mourned so long:
And now, when evening shadows softly fall,
And fire-light fancies flicker on the wall;
As day's receding foot-steps fainter sound,
And night and silence weave enchantments round,
Amid the spirit-presence gathering fast,
(The loved or dreaded of the silent past,)
With pleading eyes, beside those maskers wild,
Comes back to us our gentle, dreaming child;
Who in the budding of her timid life,
Too pure and loving for this world of strife,
From sin and care by Death's kind angel kept,
Weary, at night-tide, laid her down and slept.

Softly we say, with lips from grieving shrived,
'FATHER! we thank thee that she ever lived!'

THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCÈNES DE LA BOHÈME.'

BY CARL BENSON

MURGER is an author of considerable celebrity in France, although little known to the Anglo-Saxon world. His works have gone through several editions, and also been dramatized with great success. The '*Scènes de la Bohème*,' to which he originally and principally owes his reputation, depicts very faithfully and effectively the precarious life of those literary and artistic vagabonds who, with nothing to support them but their wits, and the hope of becoming great poets, painters, journalists, etc., meanwhile exist from hand to mouth till their fortune takes a decisive turn one way or the other: either they work out for themselves a position and livelihood, or they break down altogether, and sink into utter misery and a premature grave.

C. A. B.

I.

HOW THE CLUB WAS FORMED.

ONE morning—it was the eighth of April—ALEXANDER SCHAUNARD, who cultivated the two liberal arts of painting and music, was rudely awakened by the peal of a neighboring cock, who served him for alarm.

'By Jove!' exclaimed Schaunard, 'my feathered clock goes too fast: it cannot possibly be to-day yet!' So saying, he leaped precipitately out of a piece of furniture of his own ingenious contrivance, which, sustaining the part of bed by night, (sustaining it badly enough too,) did duty by day for all the rest of the furniture which was absent by reason of the severe cold for which the past winter had been noted.

To protect himself against the biting north-wind, Schaunard slipped on in haste a pink satin petticoat with spangled stars, which served him for dressing-gown. This gay garment had been left at the artist's lodging, one masked-ball night, by a *Folie*, who was fool enough to let herself be entrapped by the deceitful promises of Schaunard when, disguised as a Marquis, he rattled in his pocket a seducingly sonorous dozen of crowns—theatrical money punched out of a lead plate and borrowed of a property-man. Having thus made his home-toilette, the artist proceeded to open his blind and window. A solar ray, like an arrow of light, flashed suddenly into the room, and compelled him to open his eyes that were still veiled by the mists of sleep. At the same moment the clock of a neighboring church struck five.

'It is the Morn herself!' muttered Schaunard; 'astonishing, but'—and he consulted an almanac nailed to the walled—'not the less a mistake. The results of science affirm that at this season of the year the sun ought not to rise till half-past five: it is only five o'clock, and there he is! A culpable excess of zeal! The luminary is wrong; I shall have to make a complaint to the longitude-office. However, I must begin to be a little anxious. To-day is the day after yesterday, certainly; and since yesterday was the seventh, unless old Saturn goes backward, it must be the eighth of April to-day. And if I may believe this paper,' continued Schaunard, going to read a sheriff's notice-to-quit posted on the wall,

'to-day, therefore, at twelve precisely, I ought to have evacuated the premises, and paid into the hands of my landlord, Mr. Bernard, the sum of seventy-five francs for three quarters' rent due, which he demands of me in very bad hand-writing. I had hoped—as I always do—that PROVIDENCE would take the responsibility of discharging this debt, but it seems it hasn't had time. Well, I have six hours before me yet. By making good use of them, perhaps—to work! to work!' He was preparing to put on an over-coat, originally of a long-haired, woolly fabric, but now completely bald from age, when suddenly, as if bitten by a tarantula, he began to execute around the room a polka of his own composition, which had often at the public balls caused him to be honored with the particular attention of the police.

'By Jove!' he exclaimed, 'it is surprising how the morning air gives one ideas! It strikes me that I am on the scent of my air. Let's see.' And, half-dressed as he was, Schaunard seated himself at his piano. After having waked the sleeping instrument by a terrific hurly-burly of notes, he began, talking to himself all the while, to hunt over the keys for the tune he had long been seeking.

'*Do, sol, mi, do, la, si, do, re.* Bah! it's as false as Judas, that *re*!' and he struck violently on the doubtful note. 'We must represent adroitly the grief of a young person picking to pieces a white daisy over a blue lake. *There's* an idea that's not in its infancy! However, since it is the fashion, and you couldn't find an editor who would dare to publish a ballad without a blue lake in it, we must go with the fashion. *Do, sol, mi, do, la, si, do, re!* That's not so bad; it gives a fair idea of a daisy, especially to people well up in botany. *La, si, do, re.* Confound that *re*! Now to make the blue lake intelligible. We should have something moist, azure, moonlight—for the moon comes in too; here it is; don't let's forget the swan: *fa, mi, la, sol,*' he continued, rattling over the keys. 'Lastly, the adieu of the young girl, who determines to throw herself into the blue lake, to rejoin her beloved who is buried under the snow. The catastrophe is not very perspicuous, but decidedly interesting. We must have something tender, melancholy. It's coming, it's coming! Here are a dozen bars crying like Magdalens, enough to split one's heart—Brr, brr!' and Schaunard shivered in his spangled petticoat, 'if it could only split one's wood! There's a beam in my alcove which bothers me a good deal when I have company at dinner. I should like to make a fire with it—*la, la, re, mi*—for I feel my inspiration coming to me through the medium of a cold in the head. So much the worse, but it can't be helped. Let us continue to drown our young girl;' and while his fingers assailed the trembling keys, Schaunard, with sparkling eyes and straining ears, gave chase to the melody which, like an impalpable sylph, hovered amid the sonorous mist which the vibrations of the instrument seemed to let loose in the room.

'Now let us see,' he continued, 'how my music will fit into my poet's words;' and he hummed, in a voice the reverse of agreeable, this fragment of verse of the patent comic-opera sort:

'THE fair and youthful maiden,
As she flung her mantle by,
Threw a glance with sorrow laden
Up to the starry sky

And in the azure waters
Of the silver-waved lake —

‘How is that?’ he exclaimed, in transports of just indignation; ‘the azure waters of a *silver* lake! I didn’t see that. This poet is an idiot. I’ll bet he never saw a lake, or silver either. A stupid ballad too, every way; the length of the lines cramps the music. For the future I shall compose my verses myself; and without waiting, since I feel in the humor, I shall manufacture some couplets to adapt my melody to.’ So saying, and taking his head between his hands, he assumed the grave attitude of a man who is having relations with the Muses. After a few minutes of this sacred intercourse, he had produced one of those strings of nonsense-verses which the *libretti*-makers call, not without reason, *monsters*, and which they improvise very readily as a ground-work for the composer’s inspiration. Only Schaunard’s were no nonsense-verses, but very good sense, expressing with sufficient clearness the inquietude awakened in his mind by the rude arrival of that date, the eighth of April.

Thus they ran:

‘Eight and eight make sixteen just,
Put down six and carry one;
My poor soul would be at rest
Could I only find some one,
Some honest poor relation,
Who’d eight hundred francs advance,
To pay each obligation,
Whenever I’ve a chance.

CHORUS.

‘And ere the clock on the last and fatal morning
Should sound mid-day,
To old BERNARD, like a man who needs no warning,
To old BERNARD, like a man who needs no warning,
To old BERNARD, like a man who needs no warning,
My rent I’d pay!’

‘The deuce!’ exclaimed Schaunard, reading over his composition, ‘*one some one*—those rhymes are poor enough, but I have no time to make them richer. Now let us try how the notes will unite with the syllables.’ And in his peculiarly frightful nasal tone he recommenced the execution of his ballad. Satisfied with the result he had just obtained, Schaunard congratulated himself with an exultant grimace, which mounted over his nose like a circumflex accent whenever he had occasion to be pleased with himself. But this triumphant happiness was destined to have no long duration. Eleven o’clock resounded from the neighboring steeple. Every stroke diffused itself through the room in mocking sounds which seemed to say to the unlucky Schaunard, ‘Are you ready?’

The artist bounded on his chair. ‘The time flies like a bird!’ he exclaimed. ‘I have but three-quarters of an hour left to find my seventy-five francs and my new lodging. I shall never get them; that would be too much like magic. Let me see: I give myself five minutes to find how;’ and burying his head between his knees, he descended into the depths of reflection.

The five minutes elapsed, and Schaunard raised his head without having found any thing which resembled seventy-five francs.

‘Decidedly, I have but one way of getting out of this, which is simply to go away. It is fine weather, and my friend Mr. Chance may be walk-

ing in the sun. He must give me hospitality till I have found the means of squaring off with Mr. Bernard.'

Having stuffed into the cellar-like pockets of his over-coat all the articles they would hold, Schaunard tied up some linen in a handkerchief, and took an affectionate farewell of his home. While crossing the court, he was suddenly stopped by the porter, who seemed to be on the watch for him.

'Hollo! Mr. Schaunard,' cried he, blocking up the artist's way, 'don't you remember that this is the eighth of April?'

'EIGHT and eight make sixteen just,
Put down six and carry one.'

hummed Schaunard. 'I don't remember any thing else.'

'You are a little behind-hand then with your moving,' said the porter; 'it is half-past eleven, and the new tenant to whom your room has been let may come any minute. You must make haste.'

'Let me pass, then,' replied Schaunard; 'I am going after a cart.'

'No doubt; but before moving there is a little formality to be gone through. I have orders not to let you take away a hair unless you pay the three quarters due. Are you ready?'

'Why, of course,' said Schaunard, making a step forward.

'Come into my lodge, then, and I will give you your receipt.'

'I shall take it when I come back.'

'But why not at once?' persisted the porter.

'I am going to the exchange-office. I have no change.'

'Ah, you are going to get change!' replied the other, not at all at his ease. 'Then I will take care of that little parcel under your arm, which might be in your way.'

'Mr. Porter,' exclaimed the artist, with a dignified air, 'you mistrust me, perhaps! Do you think I am carrying away my furniture in a handkerchief?'

'Excuse me,' answered the porter, dropping his tone a little, 'but such are my orders. Mr. Bernard has expressly charged me not to let you take away a hair before you have paid.'

'But look, will you?' said Schaunard, opening his bundle; 'these are not hairs, they are shirts, and I am taking them to my washer-woman, who lives along-side the office, twenty steps off.'

'That alters the case,' said the porter, after he had examined the contents of the bundle. 'Would it be impolite, Mr. Schaunard, to inquire your new address?'

'*Rue de Rivoli!*' replied the artist; and having once got outside the gate, he made off as fast as possible.

'*Rue de Rivoli!*' muttered the porter, scratching his nose; 'it's very odd they should have let him lodgings in the *Rue Rivoli*, and never even come here to ask about him. Very odd, that. At any rate, he can't carry off his furniture without paying. If only the new tenant don't come moving in just as Mr. Schaunard is moving out! That would make a nice mess! Well, sure enough,' he exclaimed, suddenly putting his head out of his little window, 'here he comes, the new tenant!'

In fact, a young man in a white hat, followed by a porter who did not

seem over-burthened by the weight of his load, had just entered the court. 'Is my room ready?' he demanded of the house-porter, who had stepped out to meet him.

'Not yet, Sir, but it will be in a moment. The person who occupies it has gone after a cart for his things. Meanwhile, Sir, you may put your furniture in the court.'

'I am afraid it's going to rain,' replied the young man, chewing a bouquet of violets which he held in his mouth. 'My furniture might be spoiled. My friend,' turning to the man who was behind him, carrying on a truck something which the porter could not exactly make out, 'put that down, and go back to my old lodging to fetch the remaining valuables.'

The man ranged along the wall several frames six or seven feet high, folded together, and apparently capable of being extended.

'Look here,' said the new-comer to his follower, half opening one of the screens and showing him a rent in the canvas, 'what an accident! You have cracked my grand Venice glass. Take more care on your second trip, especially with my library.'

'What does he mean by his Venice glass?' muttered the porter, walking up and down with an uneasy air before the frames ranged against the wall. 'I don't see any glass. Some joke, no doubt. I only see a screen. We shall see, at any rate, what he will bring next trip.'

'Is your tenant not going to make room for me soon?' inquired the young man; 'it is half-past twelve, and I want to move in.'

'He won't wait much longer,' answered the porter; 'but there is no harm done yet, since your furniture has not come,' added he, with a stress on the concluding words.

As the young man was about to reply, a sentinel of dragoons entered the court.

'Is this Mr. Bernard's?' he asked, drawing a letter from a huge leather port-folio which swung at his side.

'He lives here,' replied the porter.

'Here is a letter for him,' said the dragoon; 'give me a receipt;' and he handed to the porter a bulletin of dispatches, which the latter entered his lodge to sign.

'Excuse me for leaving you alone,' said he to the young man who was stalking impatiently about the court, 'but this is a letter from the Minister to my landlord, and I am going to take it up to him.'

Mr. Bernard was just beginning to shave when the porter knocked at his door.

'What do you want, Durand?'

'Sir,' replied the other, lifting his cap, 'a soldier has just brought this for you. It comes from the Ministry.' And he handed to Mr. Bernard the letter, the envelope of which bore the stamp of the War Department.

'Heavens!' exclaimed Mr. Bernard, in such agitation that he all but cut himself. 'From the Minister of War! I am sure it is my nomination as Knight of the Legion of Honor, which I have so long solicited. At last they have done justice to my good conduct. Here, Durand,' said he, fumbling in his waistcoat-pocket, 'here are five francs to drink my

health. Stay! I haven't my purse about me. Wait, and I will give you the money in a moment.'

The porter was so overcome by this stunning fit of generosity, which was not at all in accordance with his landlord's ordinary habits, that he absolutely put on his cap again.

But Mr. Bernard, who at any other time would have severely reprimanded this infraction of the laws of social hierarchy, appeared not to notice it. He put on his spectacles, broke the seal with the respectful anxiety of a vizier receiving a sultan's firman, and began to read the dispatch. At the first line a frightful grimace ploughed his fat, monk-like cheeks with crimson furrows, and his little eyes flashed sparks that seemed ready to set fire to his bushy wig. In fact, all his features were so turned upside-down that you would have said his countenance had just suffered a shock of *face-quake*.

For these were the contents of the letter bearing the ministerial stamp, brought by a dragoon-express, and for which Durand had given the government a receipt:

'FRIEND LANDLORD: Politeness — who, according to ancient mythology, is the grandmother of good manners — compels me to inform you that I am under the cruel necessity of not conforming to the prevalent custom of paying rent — prevalent especially when the rent is due. Up to this morning I had cherished the hope of being able to celebrate this fair day by the payment of my three quarters. Vain chimera, bitter illusion! While I was slumbering on the pillow of confidence, ill-luck — what the Greeks call *ananké* — was scattering my hopes. The returns on which I counted — times are so bad! — have failed, and of the considerable sums which I was to receive I have only realized three francs, which were lent me, and I will not insult you by the offer of them. Better days will come for our dear country and for me. Doubt it not, Sir! When they come, I shall fly to inform you of their arrival, and to withdraw from your lodgings the precious objects which I leave there, putting them under your protection and that of the law, which hinders you from selling them before the end of the year, in case you should be disposed to try it for the purpose of receiving the sum for which you stand credited on the ledger of my honesty. I commend to your special care my piano, and also the large frame containing sixty locks of hair whose different colors run through the whole gamut of capillary shades: the scissors of love have stolen them from the forehead of the graces.

'Therefore, dear Sir, and Landlord, you may dispose of the roof under which I have dwelt. I grant you full authority, and have hereto set my hand and seal.

ALEXANDER SCHAUNARD.'

On finishing this letter, (which the artist had written at the desk of a friend who was a clerk in the War Office,) Mr. Bernard indignantly crushed it in his hand, and as his glance fell on old Durand, who was waiting for the promised gratification, he roughly demanded what he was doing.

'Waiting, Sir.'

'For what?'

'For the present, on account of the good news,' stammered the porter.

'Get out, you scoundrel! Do you presume to speak to me with your cap on?'

'But, Sir —'

'Don't you answer me! Get out! No, stay there! We shall go up to the room of that scamp of an artist who has run off without paying.'

'What! Mr. Schaunard!' ejaculated the porter.

'Yes,' cried the landlord with increasing fury; 'and if he has carried away the smallest article, I send you off, *straight* off!'

'But it can't be,' murmured the poor porter; 'Mr. Schaunard has not run away. He has gone to get change to pay you, and order a cart for his furniture.'

'A cart for his furniture!' exclaimed the other; 'run! I'm sure he has it here. He laid a trap to get you away from your lodge, fool that you are!'

'Fool that I am! Heaven help me!' cried the porter, all in a tremble before the thundering wrath of his superior, who hurried him down the stairs. When they arrived in the court, the porter was hailed by the young man in the white hat.

'Come, now! am I not soon going to be put in possession of my lodging? Is this the eighth of April? Did I hire a room here and pay you the earnest-money to bind the bargain? Yes or no?'

'Excuse me, Sir,' interposed the landlord; 'I am at your service. Durand, I will talk to the gentleman myself. Run up there! that scamp Schaunard has come back to pack up. If you find him, shut him up, and then come down again to run for the police.'

Old Durand vanished up the stair-case.

'Excuse me, Sir,' continued the landlord, with a bow to the young man now left alone with him; 'to whom have I the honor of speaking?'

'Your new tenant. I have hired a room in the sixth story of this house, and am beginning to be tired of waiting for my lodging to be vacant.'

'I am very sorry indeed,' replied Mr. Bernard; 'there has been a little difficulty with one of my tenants, the one whom you are to replace.'

'Sir!' cried old Durand from a window at the very top of the house, 'Mr. Schaunard is not here, but his room—stupid! I mean he has carried nothing away, not a hair, Sir!'

'Very well; come down,' replied the landlord. 'Have a little patience, I beg of you,' he continued to the young man. 'My porter will bring down to the cellar the furniture in the room of my defaulting tenant, and you may take possession in half an hour. Beside, your furniture has not come yet.'

'But it has,' answered the young man, quietly.

Mr. Bernard looked around, and saw only the large screens which had already mystified his porter.

'How is this?' he muttered. 'I don't see any thing.'

'Behold!' replied the youth, unfolding the leaves of the frame, and displaying to the view of the astonished landlord a magnificent interior of a palace, with jasper columns, bas-reliefs, and paintings of old masters.

'But your furniture?' demanded Mr. Bernard.

'Here it is,' replied the young man, pointing to the splendid furniture painted in the palace, which he had bought at a sale of second-hand theatrical decorations.

'I hope you have some more serious furniture than this,' said the landlord. 'You know I must have security for my rent.'

'The deuce! is a palace not sufficient security for the rent of a garret?'

'No, Sir; I want real chairs and tables in solid mahogany.'

'Alas! neither gold nor mahogany makes us happy, as the ancient poet well says. And I can't bear mahogany: it's too common a wood; every body has it.'

'But surely, Sir, you have some sort of furniture.'

'No, it takes up too much room. You are stuck full of chairs, and have no place to sit down.'

'But, at any rate, you have a bed. What do you sleep on?'

'On a good conscience, Sir.'

'Excuse me; one more question,' said the landlord: 'What is your profession?'

At this very moment the young man's porter, returning on his second trip, entered the court. Among the articles with which his truck was loaded, an easel occupied a conspicuous position.

'Sir! Sir!!' shrieked old Durand, pointing out the easel to his landlord, 'it's a painter!'

'I was sure he was an artist!' exclaimed the landlord in his turn, the hair of his wig standing up in affright; 'a painter!! And you never inquired after this person,' he continued to his porter; 'you didn't know what he did!'

'He gave me five francs *arnest*,' answered the poor fellow; 'how could I suspect ——'

'When you have finished,' put in the stranger ——

'Sir,' replied Mr. Bernard, mounting his spectacles with great decision, 'since you have no furniture, you can't come in. The law authorizes me to refuse a tenant who brings no security.'

'And my word, then?'

'Your word is not furniture; you must go some where else. Durand will give you back your earnest-money.'

'Oh dear!' exclaimed the porter, in consternation, 'I've put it in the Savings' Bank.'

'But consider, Sir,' objected the young man, 'I can't find another lodging in a moment! At least grant me hospitality for a day.'

'Go to the hotel!' replied Mr. Bernard. 'By the way,' added he, struck with a sudden idea, 'if you like, I can let you a furnished room, the one you were to occupy, which has the furniture of my defaulting tenant in it. Only you know that when rooms are let this way, you pay in advance.'

'Well,' said the artist, finding he could do no better, 'I should like to know what you are going to ask me for your hole.'

'It is a very comfortable *lodging*, and the rent will be twenty-five francs a month, considering the circumstances, paid in advance.'

'You have said that already; the expression does not deserve being repeated,' said the young man, feeling in his pocket. 'Have you change for five hundred francs?'

'I beg your pardon,' quoth the astonished landlord.

'Five hundred, half a thousand: did you never see it before?' continued the artist, shaking the bank-note in the faces of the landlord and porter, who fairly lost their balance at the sight.

'You shall have it in a moment, Sir,' said the now respectful owner of the house; 'there will only be twenty francs to take out, for Durand will return your earnest-money.'

'He may keep it,' replied the artist, 'on condition of coming every morning to tell me the day of the week and month, the quarter of the

moon, the weather it is going to be, and the form of government we are under.'

Old Durand described an angle of ninety degrees forward.

'Yes, my good fellow, you shall serve me for almanac. Meanwhile, help my porter to bring the things in.'

'I shall send you your receipt immediately,' said the landlord; and that very night the painter Marcel was installed in the lodging of the fugitive Schaunard. During this time the aforesaid Schaunard was beating his roll-call, as he styled it, through the city.

Schaunard had carried the art of borrowing to the perfection of a science. Foreseeing the possible necessity of having to *spoil the stranger*, he had learned how to ask for five francs in every language of the world. He had thoroughly studied all the stratagems which specie employs to escape those who are hunting for it; and knew, better than a pilot knows the hours of the tide, at what periods it was *high or low water*; that is to say, on what days his friends and acquaintances were accustomed to be in funds. Accordingly, there were houses where his appearance of a morning made people say, not 'Here is Mr. Schaunard,' but 'This is the first or the fifteenth.*' To facilitate, and at the same time equalize this species of tax which he was going to raise, when compelled by necessity, from those who were able to pay it to him, Schaunard had drawn up by wards and streets an alphabetical table containing the names of all his acquaintance. Opposite each name was inscribed the maximum of the sum which the party's finances authorized the artist to borrow of him, the time when he was flush, and his dinner-hour, as well as his usual bill of fare. Beside this table, he kept a book, in perfect order, on which he entered the sums lent him, down to the smallest fraction; for he would never burthen himself beyond a certain amount which was within the fortune of a country relative, whose heir-apparent he was. As soon as he owed one person twenty francs, he closed the account and paid him off, even if obliged to borrow for the purpose of those to whom he owed less. In this way he always kept up a certain credit which he called his floating debt; and as people knew that he was accustomed to repay as soon as his means permitted him, those who *could* accommodate him were very ready to do so.

But on the present occasion, from eleven in the morning, when he had started to try and collect the seventy-five francs requisite, up to six in the afternoon, he had only raised three francs, contributed by three letters (M., V., and R.) of his famous list; all the rest of the alphabet having, like himself, their quarter to pay, had adjourned his claim indefinitely.

The clock of his stomach sounded the dinner-hour. He was then at the Maine barrier, where Letter U lived. Schaunard mounted to Letter U's room, where he had a knife and fork, when there were such articles on the premises.

'Where are you going, Sir?' asked the porter, stopping him before he had completed his ascent.

'To Mr. U.'

* THE French quarter-days.

‘He’s out.’

‘And Madame?’

‘Out too. They told me to say to a friend who was coming to see them this evening, that they were gone out to dine. In fact, if you are the gentleman they expected, this is the address they left.’ It was a scrap of paper on which his friend U. had written, ‘We are gone to dine with Schaunard, Number —, — street. Come for us there.’

‘Well,’ said he, going away, ‘accident does make queer farces sometimes.’ Then remembering that there was a little tavern near by, where he had more than once procured a meal at a not unreasonable rate, he directed his steps to this establishment, situated in the adjoining road, and known among the lowest class of artist-dom as *Mother Young’s*. It is a drinking-house which is also an eating-house, and its ordinary customers are carters of the Orleans line, singing-ladies of Montparnasse, and young lovers from the *Bobino* theatre. During the warm season the apprentices of the numerous *ateliers* which border on the Luxembourg, the unappreciated and unedited men of letters, the writers of leaders in mysterious newspapers, throng to dine at *Mother Young’s*, which is famous for its rabbit-stew, its veritable sour-cROUT, and a mild white wine which tastes of flint.

Schaunard sat down in the grove; for so they called at *Mother Young’s* the scattered foliage of two or three rickety trees whose sickly boughs had been trained into a sort of arbor.

‘Blast the expense!’ said Schaunard to himself, ‘I mean to have a good blow-out, a regular Belshazzar’s feast in private life;’ and without more ado, he ordered a bowl of soup, half a plate of sour-cROUT, and two half stews, having observed that you get more for *two halves* than one whole one.

This extensive order attracted the attention of a young person in white with a head-dress of orange-flowers and ball-shoes; a veil of *sham imitation* lace streamed down her shoulders, which she had no special reason to be proud of. She was a *prima donna* of the Montparnasse theatre, the green-room of which all but opens into Mother Young’s kitchen; she had come to take a meal between two acts of *Lucia*, and was at that moment finishing with a small cup of coffee her dinner, composed exclusively of an artichoke seasoned with oil and vinegar.

‘Two stews! Dogs take it!’ said she, in an *aside* to the girl who acted as boy to the establishment; ‘that young man feeds himself well. How much do I owe, Adèle?’

‘Artichoke four, coffee four, bread one: that makes nine sous.’

‘There they are,’ said the singer; and off she went, humming:

‘This affection HEAVEN has given.’

‘Why, she is giving us the *la!*’ exclaimed a mysterious personage half hidden behind a rampart of old books, who was seated at the same table with Schaunard.

‘Giving it!’ replied the other; ‘*keeping* it, I should say. Just imagine!’ he added, pointing to the vinegar on the plate from which *Lucia* had been eating her artichoke; ‘pickling that falsetto of hers!’

‘It is a strong acid, to be sure,’ added the personage who had first

spoken. 'They make some at Orleans which has deservedly a great reputation.'

Schaunard carefully examined this individual, who was thus fishing for a conversation with him. The fixed stare of his large blue eyes, which always seemed looking for something, gave his features that character of happy tranquillity which is common among theological students. His face had a uniform tint of old ivory, except his cheeks, which had a coat, as it were, of brick-dust. His mouth seemed to have been sketched by a student in the rudiments of drawing, whose elbow had been jogged while he was sketching it. His lips, which pouted almost like a negro's, disclosed teeth not unlike a stag-hound's; and his double-chin stayed itself upon a white cravat, one of whose points threatened the stars, while the other was ready to pierce the ground. A torrent of light hair escaped from under the enormous brim of his well-worn felt-hat. He wore a hazel-colored over-coat with a large cape, worn thread-bare and rough as a grater; from its yawning pockets peeped bundles of manuscripts and pamphlets. The enjoyment of his sour-crout, which he devoured with numerous and audible marks of approbation, rendered him heedless of the scrutiny to which he was subjected, but did not prevent him from continuing to read an old book open before him, in which he made marginal notes from time to time with a pencil which he carried behind his ear.

'Hullo!' cried Schaunard suddenly, making his glass ring with his knife, 'my stew!'

'Sir,' said the girl, running up plate in hand, 'there are none left; here is the last, and this gentleman has ordered it.' Therewith she deposited the dish before the man with the books.

'The Dickens!' cried Schaunard. There was such an air of melancholy disappointment in his ejaculation, that the possessor of the books was moved to the soul by it. He broke down the pile of old works which formed a barrier between him and Schaunard, and putting the dish in the centre of the table, said, in his sweetest tones:

'Might I be so bold as to beg you, Sir, to share this with me?'

'Sir,' replied the artist, 'I could not think of depriving you of it.'

'Then will you deprive me of the pleasure of being agreeable to you?'

'If you insist, Sir,' and Schaunard held out his plate.

'Permit me *not* to give you the head,' said the stranger.

'Really, Sir, I cannot allow you,' Schaunard began; but on taking back his plate he perceived that the other had given him the very piece which he said he would keep for himself.

'What is he playing off his politeness on me for?' he muttered to himself.

'If the head is the most noble part of man,' said the stranger, 'it is the least agreeable part of the rabbit. There are many persons who cannot bear it. I happen to like it very much, however.'

'If so,' said Schaunard, 'I regret exceedingly that you robbed yourself for me.'

'How? Excuse me,' quoth he of the books; 'I kept the head, as I had the honor to show you.'

'Allow me,' rejoined Schaunard, thrusting the plate under his nose; 'what part do you call that?'

'Good Heavens!' cried the stranger, 'what do I see? Another head! It is a bicephalous rabbit!'

'Buy *what?*' said Schaunard.

'Cephalous — comes from the Greek. In fact, Buffon (who used to wear ruffles) cites some cases of this monstrosity. On the whole, I am not sorry to have eaten a phenomenon.'

Thanks to this incident, the conversation was definitely established. Schaunard, not willing to be behind-hand in courtesy, called for an extra quart. The hero of the books called for a third. Schaunard treated to salad; the other to dessert. At eight o'clock there were six empty bottles on the table. As they talked, their natural frankness, assisted by their libations, had urged them to interchange biographies, and they knew each other as well as if they had always lived together. He of the books, after hearing the confidential disclosures of Schaunard, had informed him that his name was Gustave Colline; he was a philosopher by profession, and got his living by giving lessons in rhetoric, mathematics, and several other *ics*. What little money he picked up by this profession was spent in buying books. His hazel-colored coat was known to all the stall-keepers on the quay from the *Concord* bridge to the *St. Michel's*. What he did with these books, so numerous that no man's life-time would have been long enough to read them, no body knew; least of all, himself. But this crack of his amounted to a monomania: when he came home at night without bringing a musty quarto with him, he would repeat the saying of Titus, 'I have lost a day.' His enticing manners, his language, which was a mosaic of every possible style, and the fearful puns which embellished his conversation, completely won Schaunard, who demanded on the spot of Colline permission to add his name to those on the famous list already mentioned.

RENEWED IN OUR NEXT.

W E B S T E R .

A SHADE like night is o'er us flung;
Our Eagle's wing in grief is hung:
Its brightest star our sky hath crossed;
Its lordliest plume that wing hath lost.

But though the orb hath left our eyes,
It glides but on to future skies;
And memories of that plume will bring
New strength to lift that spreading wing.

His stately form in death is laid,
But his proud glory ne'er shall fade;
On Time's last wave, no brighter fame
Will glow like that round WEBSTER'S name.

Albany, 1852.

ALFRED B. STREET

I N M E M O R I A M .

BY WM. WALLACE MORLAND.

'WHEN lovely maidens die,
They scatter all their graves with odorous flowers.'

'Well, then, here will I plant a little flower:
'T is the last honor.'

ORIENTSCHLAGER.

As steals o'er earth the gentle light,
When morning's timid eyes unclose;
As breathes the south-wind in its flight
O'er the half-opened, blushing rose;
So mildly beams Love's waking eye,
So balmy float his whispers by.

And as the morning's bashful glance
Grows bolder while the day comes on,
So, with the rapid hours' advance,
Will eager Love his courage don;
Till, blooming in the noontide glow,
You scarce the modest bud would know!

At eve, perchance, the rose-leaves fall,
Yet beautiful, when shed, they lie;
The sweetest offering, this, of all—
To die as sun-light leaves the sky:
So fades the rose Affection brings,
Beneath Death's overshadowing wings!

So fades the rose; but lingers still,
More hallowed now, its rich perfume,
To bless the air, so murk and chill,
That wraps its mantle round the tomb:
Oh, cull the leaves that freshly grow,
To strew their turf who sleep below!

To strew her turf who loved the rose,
And as the lily's bell was pure;
Unfading now the flowers she knows,
From earthly blighting all secure:
Yet deck this spot ere Summer go,
Our choicest flower is laid below!

Our choicest flower below is laid:
With amaranths plant this grassy glade,
With myrtle wreath this marble cold;
To us its short, sad tale is told!
When Spring-time comes, with blue eye wet,
Here blossom, dearest Violet!
There's hope beyond the Winter's snow:
The flower still lives we've laid below!

Boston, (Mass.), 1852.

R O B E R T B U R N S

'Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
 But by the honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth!
 And weep the ac best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth.'

ROBERT BURNS was born on the twenty-fifth day of January, 1759, about two miles to the south of the town of Ayr, and in the immediate vicinity of the kirk of Alloway and the 'Auld Brig o' Doon.' The son of poor parents, domestic embarrassments deprived him of all educational advantages save those open to the poorest Scot. His early life alternated between the labors of the plough and the studies of the district school. About the age of sixteen, falling in love with a 'sonsie lass,' with him began both love and poetry.

Previously to this time there were marked in him no especial signs of his after greatness. Indeed, he was ranked by one of his teachers as inferior to his brother Gilbert. But from this period a new vista opened before him, a new work was assigned him, and how it was performed the world knows. How Burns, depressed with poverty, straitened on every hand, and yearning as mortal never did before for sympathy and kindness, how he was admired and then neglected, and finally how he was left alone to starve and die, it irks my pen to recount. Suffice it to say, lacking education, books, refined society, and the means of enjoying them, perpetually haunted by the pinching demon, he drew on himself in favor of his country, and to-day Scotland is indebted to the poorest of her sons for the richest heir-loom she possesses.

Burns's rank among the poets of the world it is no part of our present purpose to discuss. That he has no compeer among the Scotch bards, all are undoubtedly agreed. What can be more simply touching and truthful than his description of humble life in the 'Tale of the Twa Dogs:'

'THEY'RE nae sae wretched 's ane wad think,
 Though constantly on poortith's brink:
 They're sae accustomed wi' the sight,
 The view o't gies them little fright.

'Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
 They're aye in less or mair provided;
 An' though fatigued wi' close employment,
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

'The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
 The prattlin' things are just their pride
 That sweetens a' their fireside.

'That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty winds;
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
 The luntin pipe and sueshin mill
 Are handed round wi' right guid will:
 The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,
 The young anes rantin' through the house—
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.'

We could hardly spare this poem. 'The cantie auld folks' with 'luntin pipe and sneeshin mill;' 'the young anes rantin' through the house;' the dog that 'wi' them barkit for joy;' the 'frosty winds' without, 'whyles' 'the nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,' on 'that merry day the year begins:' was ever so genial a picture drawn of a happy new-year's day?

A strong point in Burns's character was his genuine sympathy for his fellows in distress, his palliation of their faults, and his fearless advocacy of their claims. I know not how better to portray his features than to quote his own words. Mark his eloquent plea, in the following address to the 'Unco Guid,' or the 'Rigidly Righteous,' for the erring and unfortunate:

'THEN gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

'Who made the heart, 'tis HE alone
Decidedly can try us;
HE knows each chord — its various tone,
Each spring — its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.'

How sadly and yet how humanly he pleads the cause of the fallen; how gently and earnestly he bespeaks the kindly scanning of a 'brother man;' and how beautifully and truthfully suggests the reason: 'Who made the heart, 'tis HE alone decidedly can try us.' Surely the heart that prompted such teachings was as generous as the genius that expressed them was great. Noble words those, at whose utterance the harsh censure and severe judgment give way to the soft and hallowed tones of sympathy and pity.

The simplicity of nature characterized him. True genius has no surer index than this. It betokens the conscious strength of the true poet. Read his simple story of the Mouse, 'On turning her up in her nest with the plough:'

'WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na' start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle,
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!'

Who has not gazed over and over again in his mind's eye, with strange interest, at this scene of the 'tim'rous beastie' starting awa 'wi' bickering brattle,' while Burns, leaning lazily on his plough, eyeing the 'wee beastie,' assures her of his innocence of the 'murd'ring pattle'?

Nor did his pen lack power in the field of satire. His sarcasm was as biting as his temper was mild. This power, dangerous as it too often is, was in him controlled and exercised under a proper regard of the rights of others. True, he wielded it with vigor and severity, but it was directed to its legitimate objects, and used within legitimate bounds. Hypocrisy needs dissection, quackery calls for exposure, cant demands

the knife. A fair example of his touch is seen in the lines entitled, 'Death and Doctor Hornbook:'

'SAYS the DEIL,
When I killed ane a fair strae death,
By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
This night I'm free to tak my aith
That HORNBOOK's skill
Has clad a score in their last claiith,
By drap and pill.

'A bonnie lass, ye ken her name,
Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame:
She trusts hersel', to hide the shame,
In HORNBOOK's care:
HORN sent her off to her lang hame,
To hide it there.'

Thus have we attempted to depict the character of Burns, or rather have introduced him to the reader in his own representations as he has drawn himself.

That he had many faults, that his private character was not wholly free from stain, we are not here to deny. That impulse was in him stronger than principle, that in his domestic relations he was not true, we cannot if we would conceal. But when are taken into the account the circumstances of his whole life, his struggles and aspirations; his repeated endeavors to throw off his burdens, and his as repeated failures; his passions strong to be resisted, and his fascinating power over the other sex that made the conquest easy; his bitter consciousness of his own unappreciated genius; his intensely strong desire for love and sympathy, and the perpetual antagonism between his position and his tastes; and especially when we remember his touching words, we 'know not what's resisted,' the words of censure will not go forth: the pen refuses to write them.

Before the age of thirty-eight, Burns the exciseman died, but Burns the poet still lives. From this ploughman went forth words that first startled, then delighted the world. At his voice the dead formulas of philosophy sprang into life, and their drear abstractions became persuasive numbers. Under his teaching humanity spurned the servitude that bowed to accident, and learned the dignity of a true though humble life. With Midas-like power genius transmutes whatever it touches into gold, and leaving thereon the superscription of a greater than Caesar, gives it currency in all ages and among all people. It is a magic wand, forming and transforming all minds into the image of the magician.

Thus, with this rustic bard, we sympathize with the 'cow'rin', tim'rous beastie' in the ruin of her nest; follow with eager interest the 'ugly, creepin', blastit wonner' of a louse in his stroll over a lady's bonnet at church; mourn 'the daisy's fate;' laugh at 'Tam o' Shanter' and his 'Mare;' grow merry on 'Scotch Drink' that 'cheers the heart o' drooping care;' become social with 'Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie;' lament, 'wi' saut tears,' 'poor Marlie's dead!' grow indignant at those 'wha are sae pious and sae holy, they've naught to do but mark and tell their neebor's fauts and folly;' claim that, 'what though on hamely fare we dine, a man's a man for a' that;' live life o'er again in 'auld lang syne;' weep over that most touching elegy, 'Highland Mary,' and 'wi' serious face' join round the ingle-side 'the circle wide,' in the 'Cot

ter's Saturday Night.' Verily, he has swept the chords of the human heart with a master's hand!

But what we most affect in him is his perfect simplicity and trueness to nature. In the choice of his themes he has not ascended with Milton to heaven to robe himself with its glory, nor descended with Dante into hell to clothe himself in its terrors: there is no striving for sublime subjects whose grandeur may reflect upon him some portion of their greatness; there is no pigmy perched upon Alps; but guided by the unerring instinct of genius, he selected the simplest themes, the 'mountain daisy' and the 'mouse,' and borrowing nothing from them but the occasion of his song, told the story of their misfortunes in such simple, touching verse, that the dwellers in hovel or hall will read them over and over, and cease not to bless the day when the lowliest things on earth inspired the bard to sing.

Wars and conquests, the fates of kingdoms, the lives of mighty men of valor, the tilts and tournaments of chivalric times, and the grandeur of baronial halls and feudal castles, had too long been the themes of poets. Burns came singing no monotone, offering no incense to heraldry, to direct the way to a nobler field; to unfold the page of humble life; to claim for man honor because he *is* a man; to show the world a king's no better than a peasant; to invest the domestic hearth with new sanctities; to pour upon common and lovely objects the baptism of genius; and to evince the truth, that a 'wee beastie' of a mouse may be a thing of greater interest than many a crowned monarch. Burns is eminently the poet of the people, the interpreter of their feelings, the pleader of their causes, the friend of their adversity, the defender of their rights.

To Scotland, the land of his nativity, he was an especial God-send. By him her language was made a classic; her poetry the vade-mecum of all lovers of true genius; her hills and valleys, brigs and kirks, the shrines where learning and literature pay their devotion.

His appeals were to the human heart, and it responded, and the response is still going back in tributes of love and reverence from every hearth-stone laid by civilization.

The tomb of genius is sacred to all; and from distant and different lands travellers come up to the house where Robert Burns was born, and the place where his body was laid, and call it holy ground, and worship even the memorials of him who wrote those Scottish songs; those songs fresh as the feelings of childhood, simple as nature, tender and loving as a mother, rich as a gush of heavenly music, and beautiful as the 'mountain daisy.' How has literature and poesy been enriched by the tributes of this rustic follower of the plough! What a legacy was bequeathed to the world by this poverty-stricken exciseman! Giving freely, bounteously of his own priceless stores, he received nothing in life but the liberty to die. Yet, neglected child of genius! thy life was greatly good: thy country stands in honor through memory of thee: dwellers over the wide Atlantic seek thy resting-place and weep at thy tomb; and loving hearts have thee in keeping, wherever Highland Mary has been wept. At the rude ingle-side none so welcome as thou: in the courtly hall the well-thumbed page shows thee a favorite there. At the mention of thee, kindly memories kindle: at the recurrence of thy birth-day congenial spirits gather, and call it sacred time in the calendar of genius.

C O F F E E .

BY MISS MARY L. LAWSON.

ALL sing the praise of ruby wine
Through crystal goblets flowing,
And murmur of the purple vine
'Neath endless summer glowing;
How well it charms, the heart it warms,
The soul in sunshine steeping,
As beauty, mirth, and hope's bright birth
Lay chained within its keeping.

But wherefore gild the tempting draught,
Which stains the lip that praises?
A nectar far more pure and sweet
The wearied spirit raises:
'T will tinge with light care's darkest night,
Like some divine libation;
Joy fills the eye and hearts beat high
Beneath its inspiration.

It ripples through the silver spout,
In clear transparent china,
Brought freshly from the sparkling hearth
By PHILLIS or by DINAH.
How rich the scent when softly blent
With cream, rich, thick and yellow,
Whose currents glide in mingled tide
Its pungent strength to mellow!

It stirs the flash of soul and sense,
Till wit and converse mingle;
For mind's best rays, like sorrow's waves,
Ne'er rush to meet us single:
Bright fancies strike on minds alike,
That fade not with the fleeting,
For words that thrill grow deeper still
When glance with glance is meeting.

It wakes within the melting soul
Time's lost or buried pleasures,
Old friends, old books, old songs, old joys,
And all life's garnered treasures:
Bereft of pain, 't will softly gain
Old Memory's haunted places,
While o'er us rise, in angel guise,
Soft smiles on vanished faces.

As one by one our guests depart,
Left with remembrance only,
We scarcely sigh that time flits by,
And leaves us sad and lonely;

Hope's morning breaks, and joy awakes,
Life's gloomy page to brighten,
As on our quiet silent hearth
The dying embers lighten.

Then on the pillow softly sinks
The head with visions teeming,
And many an eastern pageant floats
Before our gorgeous dreaming;
To see life pass in fancy's glass,
With moon-light radiance beaming,
It seeks the breast divinely blest
Through misty mocha gleaming.

SKETCHES FROM THE COVE.

NUMBER TWO.

As I should find it difficult to put the old wood-cutter's peculiar phraseology upon paper, I shall take the liberty of telling his story in my own words, with various additions which I have since heard from Farmer Wilson and others of the Cove people. And for a short time we must leave the stately pines and fragrant rose-tree of the homestead, and retrace our steps through the little brown wood-path to the beach, that my readers may more fully understand the scene and the incidents of poor Lucy's story.

Just at the entrance of the Cove Bay, there lies a dangerous reef of rocks called the Black Ledge, which can only be crossed by large vessels at certain times of the tide, and which has sometimes proved fatal even to the little fishing boats of the Cove. At high water this ledge is almost hidden; but as the tide ebbs, a row of black jagged rocks appears above the water, whose bold dark masses, worn by the dashing of the waves into wild, strange shapes, with the troubled water for ever boiling and foaming around them, would seem to justify the superstitious awe with which the people of the Cove regard them. They invest these rocks, as they do almost every scene of nature around them, with a supernatural interest, and many and fearful are the traditions of the Black Ledge. Their voices grow lower as they speak of it, and I do not believe that a Cove fisherman, even on a bright sunny morning, with a gentle wind and smooth sea, ever passes its gloomy barrier without a feeling of awe, and a prayer for a safe passage through its foaming waters. The principal legend of the place is, that more than a hundred years ago a pirate captain, famous for his cruelties and crimes, was wrecked with his crew at the entrance of the Cove Bay; that since that time there has been no peace for the troubled waters, and that these gloomy-looking rocks gradually made their appearance, as fit monuments to mark the resting-place of men black with such fearful crimes. They

have strange tales, too, of wild cries and laughter heard from the ledge on stormy nights, and of ghostly hands upraised from the water to pull down the boats of unwary fishermen; and one grave old skipper tells of passing the ledge on a still evening, when the sky and sea were clear and calm, and looking over the edge of his boat, he saw the forms of the pirate captain and his crew lying on the sand, with their pale ghastly faces gazing up at him through the water. The most terrible of their stories gather round one particular rock in the ledge, which is always called the Black Captain. It is much taller than the rest, and is overgrown with long brown sea-weed, and at times it certainly has a wonderful resemblance to a human figure draped in a long cloak, with outstretched arms. I spoke of this singular likeness rather jestingly one evening at the Farm, but I soon found, by the serious faces round me, that it was no jesting matter; and perhaps when my readers have heard the story of Lucy, they will not so much wonder at the superstitious fears of the good, simple people.

One stormy afternoon, many years ago, a group of fishermen were assembled on the Cove beach, watching a large vessel that was rapidly approaching the coast, driven furiously by the wind, and seemed to be trying to steer her course toward the entrance of the Cove Bay. An old weather-beaten seaman, who had been for some time examining her through a glass, (which, by the way, is still the spy-glass of the Cove,) suddenly exclaimed: 'She is making for harbor in our bay, and unless we can warn her off, she will be dashed to pieces on the Black Ledge Hark! how it roars! We must bestir ourselves, messmates, or the Black Captain will take a rich prize to-night.' And aided by his comrades, the sturdy old fellow built up a huge fire on one of the cliffs overhanging the bay, and, with ringing of bells and blowing of horns, tried to warn off the stranger vessel, which was rushing onward to her destruction. But their labor was in vain. Whether, misunderstanding the signals from the shore, she was allured by the comparatively calm water within the ledge, or whether she was disabled and unmanageable from the storm, was never known. On she came, bearing directly down upon the reef, over which the waters foamed and roared as if eager for their approaching prey. The Cove sailors did all that they could, but the storm was so furious, and the surf so high, that they knew no boat could live in such a sea, and that human help could be of no avail. And when they saw that their signals were disregarded, they gathered in groups upon the beach, and there in silence awaited the fatal moment. On came the vessel, looking instinct with life, as with a bounding, rushing swiftness she fled before the wind. The rain now began to pour in torrents, and the sea-mist, which had been gathering all the afternoon, soon completely veiled her from the view of the anxious watchers on the beach. But not even the roaring of the waves or the howling of the wind could keep from their ears the heart-breaking cries which came now and then in the pauses of the storm, telling too surely the fate of the vessel and her crew. The deep voice of the old fisherman who had before spoken, and who was known among his comrades by the name of Brave Ben, was now heard, saying solemnly, 'It is all over, boys; she has struck. The Ledge has done its work, let us now do ours.' And he then proceeded to sta-

tion men at short distances along the shore, provided with ropes and all means of succor, if any of the unfortunate crew should be brought to the beach by the waves.

Soon night came on, the rain extinguished their fire, the cries for help ceased, and the men, after two hours of fruitless waiting and watching, grew discouraged and weary, and dropped off one by one to seek their own fire-sides. But Brave Ben could not leave his watch so easily. He was a good as well as a brave Ben, and as he saw, by certain signs in the sky, that there would soon be a change in the weather, and as the tide was fast going down, he could not leave the beach while there was one chance of saving human life. Then, too, he was less troubled with superstitious fears than his comrades, and often shocked them by considering the Black Ledge only a very dangerous reef of rocks, and by jeering at their stories of the pirate and his crew. As the last group of his companions departed, one of them said, in a loud enough tone for Ben to hear: 'Well, if any man among us is fit to meet spirits, it is our Ben; but I must say, I should not like to be in his shoes to-night.'

Ben laughed heartily at this speech, and boldly pursued his solitary walk up and down the beach, which was gradually growing wider from the receding of the tide, moving his lantern in front of him in the hope of discovering the objects of his search. But as the voices of the fishermen died away, the last words of his friend, and the wild tales of his native place, would come into his mind. The various traditions of the Ledge and the Black Captain rose before him, and it was in vain he tried to think of other things. Ashamed of this weakness, he began to sing an old sea-song; but his own voice sounded strangely in that lonely spot, and he started to hear the chorus of 'Heave ho, messmates! heave away!' repeated in a mocking voice from the rocks. In vain he said to himself that it was only an echo; his stout heart failed him, and he did not repeat the song.

Before long the rain ceased, the clouds began to break away, and glimpses of the moon appeared through them, throwing a faint light over the lonely beach and the heaving waters. Ben shuddered as he saw that the vessel was gone, and that where they had last seen her were now only the black rocks of the ledge, assuming strange, unearthly forms in the uncertain light. One tall, dark mass of rock seemed to nod and beckon to him, and he could not turn his eyes away from it. While he was gazing fixedly at this rock, and wondering at its singular likeness to a human figure, the moon shone out very brightly between the clouds, and revealed something white clinging to the dark form. He rubbed his eyes, and looked again; and as he looked, he heard, or thought he heard, a faint cry. When Ben's kind human heart was roused, all supernatural fears fled at once. 'I would face the devil himself,' he thought, 'to save that poor wretch. It may be a woman or a child!' And brushing away a tear with his sleeve, as he thought of his wife, whom he had dearly loved, and whom he had lost only a year before, and of his little son, then sleeping happily at the homestead, he hastened to unmoor his boat; and as the sea was now much calmer, he was soon on his way to the ledge.

What Ben saw and did at the ledge he never told. He would often

relate the events of that night to his companions as far as the pushing off his boat into the surf, but beyond that they could never make him go. One thing they noticed, which made them all the more curious to find out the secret. Ben never again jeered at the stories of the ledge, but listened to the tales of the fishermen in grave silence. All they knew was, that Ben appeared at one of the neighboring cottages at dawn on the morning after the shipwreck, bearing in his arms a lovely little girl, about six years old, of whom he would only say, that he had found her lashed to a spar of the vessel, clinging to one of the rocks of the ledge.

The little girl was insensible, but after her wet clothes were removed, and her limbs rubbed with warm flannel, her consciousness slowly returned. She opened her eyes, and looking up at the rough but kind faces that were bending over her, seemed to try to smile, but the effort proved a failure, and the poor child burst into tears. After a time she recovered herself enough to answer the many questions with which the curious but well-meaning cottagers overwhelmed her. But she seemed sad and frightened, and would not talk much. She only said that her name was Lucy Arnold, and that she was coming from England to America with her father and mother. Of the cause of the ship's destruction she knew nothing. She only remembered a horrible scene of agony and confusion, in the midst of which her father tied her to a plank, and then came a shock and a struggle, and she felt the water rushing over her; and then, as she came to the surface again, she saw what she thought was a great black head raised from the water. She said that she clung round it with her arms, and then she stopped, and turned pale, and said she did not remember any thing else distinctly until she found herself in the warm bed in the cottage. After they had breakfasted, Ben announced his intention of taking little Lucy to live with him at the homestead, but the good woman at the cottage strongly opposed this plan. She said that the child needed a mother's care, and that the homestead would be a lonely place for a little girl. Old Betty she did not think was a fit companion for Lucy, and she herself would be so glad to adopt her in the place of her own little daughter, whom she had just lost. Ben listened quietly to these arguments, but before he could answer Lucy crept to his side, and sliding her hand into his, and gazing earnestly up into his face, she whispered: 'Please let me go with you.' Ben could not resist the pleading eyes upraised to his. He took her in his arms, and said: 'You shall go with me, my darling, and old Ben will do his best to make your life a happy one.'

Ben's cottage was situated in the midst of a wood, at some distance from the village. It was a pretty, picturesque little house, covered with vines, with a gay flower-garden in front and a neat vegetable patch behind. And in this quiet spot little Lucy found a happy home. She was naturally a loving, sweet-tempered child, and Ben soon grew very fond of her. Indeed, his affections seemed equally divided between her and his only son, a boy about ten years old. The children were very happy together. They both went to the village-school, but in their studies and sports they needed no other companionship. They took long rambles together in the woods, and were never so pleased as when they

could wile away old Betty from her household duties to sit with them under the pine-trees, and tell over to them all the wild sea-stories and strange superstitions of the Cove. But one tale always made Lucy turn pale, and cling closer to her companion's side. It was the legend of the Black Ledge. She was an imaginative child, and all the stories of fairies and spirits only interested and amused her. But any allusion to this tale had from her childhood so excited and alarmed her, that Ben had forbidden Edward and Betty to mention it in her presence. What the secret horror was which this story raised in the child's mind; whether it was some dimly-remembered vision of the night of the ship-wreck, or whether it was a sad presentiment of the future, was never known. But it was a potent spell over poor Lucy's peace of mind, and after a visit to the village she would often come back to the homestead pale and weeping because some rude boy had called after her as she passed, 'There goes Lucy of the Ledge. Run, Lucy; quick, the Black Captain is after you!' Indeed, the mere sight of the sea seemed to affect her unpleasantly, and she was never so well pleased as when, in the depth of the pine woods, she could forget the neighborhood of the ocean and the Black Ledge. And thus she grew into womanhood, a delicate, sensitive, flower-like being, with a sadness beyond her years, whose greatest enjoyment was in wandering in the woods with Edward, and feeding her imagination with the marvellous tales which old Betty was never weary of repeating. Her affection for her adopted father was very strong, and the old wood-cutter said that many a time when he was a boy he had seen them sitting on the door-step together, when he passed the homestead at sunset on his way to the village, and that Lucy always had a kind, pleasant word and smile for him. 'Do you see that old brown pine-tree, ma'am, with the pretty woodbine flinging its green wreaths around the old rugged trunk? That always reminds me of Lucy and Ben as I have so often seen them, Lucy leaning upon Ben's shoulder, with her yellow curls shining in the sunset light, and her little white hand clasped in his.'

But stronger than her affection for her father was her love for Edward, the kind, tender companion of her childhood, whose thoughtful, loving care had shielded her from every trouble. At school he had been her protector and comforter, making all rough places smooth, and each succeeding year seemed to make closer and dearer the tie which united them. Their first separation was when Edward went on a short fishing-voyage with his father, and their excessive sorrow at parting and joy at meeting revealed at once to both that their love was more than that of brother and sister; and not long after Edward's return he told his father that he and Lucy were betrothed. The old woodman dwelt on this period of Lucy's history a long time. He lingered lovingly over the story of her happiness, and seemed to dread to speak of the shadow which was so soon to darken her sunshine. He told of often meeting her with Edward wandering in these woods, or of seeing them sitting on the stone before the door, bright and joyful as children with their newly-found love. But a change must come. Brave Ben rejoiced in their happiness, but he knew that woodland walks and gathering summer flowers was not the business of life. Winter would come, and must be provided for. Ed-

ward was now a tall active young man, and must do his part toward the support of the family. He disliked the life of a fisherman, but loved the sea; so it was decided that he should go at once to the neighboring sea-port of G —, and try to get a voyage to some distant part of the world. He soon returned delighted with his success. He had secured a berth in a new ship which was to sail for India in a week. He was full of hopes and plans, which he eagerly communicated to the trembling Lucy. This was such a wonderful opportunity to make his fortune that he should only be obliged to go one voyage. In a year he should be at home again, and then they would be married, and he would never leave the homestead again. Lucy smiled sadly. The very thought of the sea brought vague terrors to her mind, but she tried to forget her own sorrow in active preparations for Edward's speedy departure. At last all was in readiness, and if the wind was fair the ship was to sail the next morning. It was a mild evening in September when Lucy and Edward set forth for their last walk. The air was soft and warm, but over the whole face of nature there was spread that indescribable autumnal influence which brings sadness and the thought of change to the heart. The only sounds which disturbed the silence of the woods were the rustle of the falling leaves and the melancholy chirp of the cricket. The level rays of the setting sun glimmered through the pines, and tinged their fallen leaves with the hue of gold. Lucy and Edward strolled on quietly for some time, and at last sat down on a mossy bank beneath a great pine-tree. Lucy tried to be calm and cheerful, but the saddening influences of the season and the hour overcame her resolution, and she burst into tears, and, confessing her fears and forebodings, begged Edward even then to give up the voyage, to do any thing on shore, but not to go to sea. But Edward only laughed at her vague presentiments of evil, and tried to quiet her agitation with bright pictures of their future happiness. 'See, Lucy,' he said, pointing to a small sweet-brier bush which grew near them, covered with pretty red hips; 'see, dear Lucy, before the berries on this little bush are formed again, I shall be at home. Let us take it to the homestead and plant it by our seat on the door-step, that you may remember my last words whenever you look at it. Listen, dear child: all the winter, when this little bush seems dry and lifeless, you must remember that its life is still warm at its heart, and that it is patiently waiting the sunshine of spring to bring forth its buds and blossoms again. You must look at it often then, dear Lucy, and think how cheerfully it waits through the chill winter for God's own time. But in the spring, when you see the green leaf-buds begin to push forth their little heads, you may know that I have turned my face homeward; and in the summer, when the little bush is gay and bright with fragrant flowers, then be gay and bright too, and say 'He is almost here;' but when those flower-leaves have fallen, and the red berries once more glow in the autumn sun-light, I shall be sitting by your side on the old stone door-step, and there will be no more tears and troubles for us, and you shall tell me if the little bush has been a faithful teacher and friend to you.' The idea amused and interested Lucy. She helped Edward to take up the bush and to plant it by the cottage door; and the next morning, when she had said her last good-bye, and watched his departing figure

until it was hidden from her view by the waving pines, she turned to her rose-bush and found comfort in remembering Edward's playful words as she watered and tended it.

The autumn wore away, and the dead leaves fell from the rose, but Lucy kept up a brave heart and tried to be patient and good, and to drive away all sad forebodings. But the winter was lonely enough. Ben, although kind and affectionate, was no satisfactory companion for Lucy, and Betty's oft-repeated tales found only too faithful an echo in her heart. With the spring came a letter from Edward, telling of a successful voyage, and speaking confidently of a happy return. And with the green leaves and flower-buds Lucy's smile and quiet cheerfulness returned. Her sweet voice was heard once more in the woods singing the old ballads which she had learned from Betty, and the soft light in her blue eye showed that hope had driven away fear. But now the leaves of the sweet-brier blossoms had fallen, and the berries were once more beginning to form, and all was bustle and expectation at the homestead. A second letter had been received from Edward, in which he said he should certainly be at home in September; and every day Lucy might be seen perched on a high rock in the woods watching the distant horizon for a larger sail than those of the fishing-boats of the Cove. But the month wore away, and every day did she come back with a sadder and a slower step.

At length, one gray, lowering afternoon, she saw a large vessel on the horizon's verge. It was a blustering, chilly day; the wind had been for some time gradually rising, and the old seamen of the Cove prophesied a heavy gale. The ledge was covered with white foam, and the waves broke along the beach with that peculiar moaning sound which always presages a storm. Lucy hastened to the cottage with the news of the large sail in the offing, and then with Ben went down to the end of the Cove Farm Point to watch its approach. In about an hour Ben was able to make out with the Cove spy-glass that it was really Edward's ship, and he and Lucy joyfully awaited the moment when it would pass near enough to the coast on its way to G — for them to make signals of welcome, for which they well knew anxious eyes would be watching as the vessel passed the well-known cliffs. On came the ship nearer and nearer; their signal was seen and answered. Edward was on board then, and well. In a few hours he would reach the town, and Lucy and her father prepared to leave the Point to set out for G —, where they would be sure to meet him. As they turned for another look at the vessel, the old skipper was attracted by a strange alteration in the ship's course. 'Why, what does all this mean?—she is lying-to off Eagle Island. See, Lucy, they are lowering a boat. By Heaven!' he suddenly exclaimed, 'the boy cannot be mad enough to try to cross the ledge and land at the Cove in such a surf as this! The tide is half down, and the ledge is a perfect whirlpool. Quick, Lucy, to the beach! perhaps we can save him yet.' Pale and breathless with terror, Lucy followed the old seaman as he hastened to the beach. Hurriedly explaining the cause of his agitation to the neighbors who had gathered there to watch the approach of Edward's vessel, he asked who would go with him as far as the ledge to warn or direct his son as might be needed; for he knew

that Edward was ignorant of the navigation of the ledge, and he thought that at least he could make him understand by signs the danger of crossing it. For Lucy's sake the ledge had been seldom mentioned in Ben's family, and he well knew that Edward never fully realized the dangers of this fearful barrier. But the Cove sailors knew too well the terrible risk of launching a boat in such a sea, and they tried to dissuade Ben from attempting it. But the brave old man turned away from them in silence, and set forth alone. Twice his boat was swamped and overturned in the raging surf on the beach; but nothing daunted, he tried the third time, and succeeded in getting safely beyond the breakers. And then he pulled for his life, or what was dearer to him, the life of his son, for he saw the ship's boat rapidly approaching from the other side, and he could plainly discern a tall figure standing in the bow, which he knew to be that of his son. In vain he strained every muscle of his iron arms. Swiftly as his boat cut through the waves, he saw that Edward would reach the ledge before he could. Then he stood up and waved his arms, and shouted in his loudest tones, 'Back to the ship! back to the ship for your life!' But the wind only carried his voice to the shore, where the words were plainly heard, and rung in one agonized brain with fearful distinctness, while the figure in the approaching boat joyfully waved its arms in return, as a sign of recognition and welcome.

The neighbors in vain tried to persuade Lucy to go into a cottage near by to wait for her father and lover. She only smiled strangely in reply, and remained fixed like a statue on the beach where Ben had left her. Those who saw her on that evening will never forget the look in her eyes. Her bonnet had fallen back, her golden curls streamed wildly in the wind, which was now blowing furiously. Her delicate features assumed a look of solemn sternness, and her eyes were fixed upon the ledge with a look of horror, and yet as if there was a strange fascination in those terrible rocks. The people on the beach were so much occupied in watching her, that for a few moments they forgot the boats, when suddenly her eyes, which had seemed opened to an unnatural extent, closed; she uttered a heart-broken cry, and clasping her hands to her head, she sank senseless upon the sand. While some of the women carried her to a house near by, the watchers on the beach tried to see what had caused her agony. The boat from the ship had disappeared, and through the gathering darkness they could see Ben slowly returning. His boat seemed the sport of the waves; his oars were idle; and when at last his boat was thrown by a wave far up on the beach, and his comrades gathered round him, he was like one stunned with grief. He could only press their hands and say, 'My boy, my boy!' They led him to the cottage where Lucy still lay insensible. 'Poor child!' he said, 'it would be better for her if she never woke again.' The kindness of his companions seemed only to add to his misery. He left Lucy to the care of the women, and went back alone to his homestead, from which he had set forth full of hope and happiness a few hours before, and which was henceforth to be doubly desolate.

Lucy slowly recovered from the death-like state into which she was thrown by the awful scenes of that night. But the shock was too great for her; her senses never returned. The agony of that moment was too

much for a mind never very strong, and she was spared the misery of ever realizing her loss. The events of that fatal night were completely obliterated from her memory. She was never excited or unreasonable. Her sweetness and gentleness were the same, but there was a vacant look in her eye, and a fixed smile upon her lips, which showed that the informing spirit had fled. She passed her days happily enough in wandering through the woods as formerly, and in sitting on her high rock watching for Edward's vessel. She lost all idea of time, and years seemed to her like months. Sometimes she would say to Ben, 'How long he stays away, dear father! But he will soon be here now, for see, the sweet-brier berries are forming.' The sweet-brier bush was still her especial care, and in spring, and summer, and autumn, she was always adorned with its leaves, and flowers, and berries. But the strangest change in Lucy was her love for the sea, and especially for the Black Ledge. She would sit for hours with her eyes fixed upon its black rocks and foaming waters, smiling and singing to herself. Her favorite walk was to the end of the cliffs on the point, where on a bold projecting rock the Cove children still show you Lucy's seat, and tell you how their grandfathers often saw her sitting there crowned with her own sweet roses, and gazing on the rocks of the Black Ledge.

A few years after Edward's loss, Brave Ben died. Lucy shed a few tears when they told her he was gone, and said sadly, 'Poor Edward, how sorry he will be! I must hurry to the point, that I may be the first to tell him of his father's death.' And so for many years Lucy lived a wild, harmless life, until one afternoon she did not return from the cliff at her accustomed time. Old Betty set forth for the village to seek for her, but she was not to be found at any of her usual haunts, and all night the people of the village were scouring the woods and the shore, hoping to find some trace of her. But their search was in vain, and Betty returned to the homestead, hoping that Lucy had only wandered farther than was her wont, and that the morning would bring her home again. And the morning did bring her home again, but not as Betty hoped. Two of the Cove sailors, who had set out on a fishing expedition early in the morning, saw something white floating at the foot of the tallest rock of the ledge, and upon approaching it they recognized the body of poor Lucy. She had probably fallen from her seat on the cliff, or venturing too far in her search for bright shells and sea-weeds, had fallen into the water. Tenderly and carefully they lifted her into the boat, and rowing swiftly to the beach bore her once more through the woods she had loved so well to the little cottage. They buried her in the village church-yard. No stone marks her resting-place, but a sweet-brier bush waves its fragrant blossoms over the grassy mound, and keeps her memory bright. And there needs no monument to tell the story of her short sad life. It is sacredly preserved in the hearts of the people of the Cove. Every village child knows her history, and can show you her walks and seats; and many a gray-headed man will tell you that at times poor Lucy may still be seen tending her sweet-brier by the doorstep of the ruined cottage, or sitting on the high rock in the wood watching for her lover's sail over the blue sea.

Soon after Lucy's death, Betty left the homestead; and although it

was rented by two or three families afterward, yet none could stay there long. They said it was 'an awful lonesome place,' and hinted at strange sights and noises, and so gradually the house was deserted and fell into decay.

And now, if any of my readers think my tale too vague and wild, and hoped in the end for a clear explanation of Lucy's strange relation to the tall rock of the ledge, I can only say that I can give them no clue to it whatever. The Cove people are as vague and wild as their stories; and although they shake their heads very wisely, and hint that Brave Ben knew more of the Black Captain than he ever told, I can never satisfactorily make out what they believe about it, except that there was some mysterious connection between the facts that Lucy was saved and Edward destroyed by the Black Ledge; and certainly the peculiar circumstances of Lucy's life and death form a very good foundation on which a superstitious people might build up many marvellous things. The only authority to be depended upon now in existence is the Black Captain himself, who still stands majestically wrapped around in his seaweed cloak, the awe and terror of the Cove fishermen; and to him I refer all incredulous or over-curious readers. I tell the tale as it was told to me by people who well remember 'Lucy of the Ledge,' as she is always called at the Cove; and if the solemn pines also whispered a part of it to me in that still, solitary little clearing in the woods, and if the mysterious rocks of the Black Ledge, at this moment lying so quietly in the sparkling morning light before my window, have suggested something to me, I hope I shall be forgiven for weaving their version of the story into the more matter-of-fact details of my honest and simple friends at the Cove.

S T A N Z A S .

When the blasts are sighing
Through the wintry sky,
And wild winds replying,
Answer mournfully;

When dark clouds are sailing
Through the troubled air,
When the winds are wailing,
With harsh notes of fear:

When the lightning flashes
O'er the troubled sea,
As on rocks it dashes,
Roaring fearfully;
When the hail-drops patter
'Gainst the window-pane,
And the white snows scatter
O'er the withered plain:

Then, when all is dreary
O'er the barren earth,
The fires burn more cheery
On the household hearth.

Their bright light is streaming
Through the fields afar;
O'er the snow 't is gleaming,
Like a shining star.

So when life is dreary,
When all joy is gone,
And the heart is weary,
Desponding and alone;
Then Love's flame is lighted
To the heart once drear,
And the soul benighted
It begins to cheer.

Her sweet light is sending
Its bright beam around,
Her calm voice is lending
Its heart-cheering sound;
Her bright sun is burning
Through the fields of pain,
Till Hope's light returning,
Wakes the soul again.

Detroit, Nov., 1852.

W. T. D

C O N T E N T E D T H O U G H T S O F H O M E .

BY REV. G. HUNTINGTON.

No lovely bower, festooned with purpling grapes,
No home amid the orchard, where the peach,
The quince, and apricot are mellowing, now
Are mine: but a fair home is ours,
My loved one, not unblest with bright
And animating scenes. The river here
Floweth, while there the bay expands till wide
The bosom of Ontario heaves in sight;
And on the ear the dashings sound
Of her wild billows battling with the rocks,
Which shake not at their tumult; they quail not,
Like hearts of mighty princes, undismayed,
While roll the rumors on their ears from far
Of the strong marshalling in arms and shocks of war.
Lo! distant on the waters, scarcely seen,
Some merchant-sail is outlined. On this bank,
Whose rocky strata to the waves stoop down,
Let us recline, and gladdening o'er the scene,
Fill up our hearts, as it is meet, with thoughts
Of gratitude and dreams of hope and love.
The world is bright around us: Plenty's store,
Beautiful and nourishing, from her gathering arms
O'erflows upon our lap, and we are blest.
Thy lovely light and charm, O beauteous Art,
Thou on our home dost not disdain to shed:
The poet's never-dying thoughts, the bloom
Fadeless and fascinating, which the breath
Of stormy Winter withers not, and which
His glittering icy knife doth not cut down.
And Love from his mysterious founts pours out
His grateful ardors, with a precious charm,
Hallowing and lighting up the stream of life.
And are not some of those sweet joys which cheer,
Where sacred love is cherished, are not airs
Of this celestial peace astir e'en now,
In our deep bosoms' climes, a theme for songs,
And thankful incense unto God Most High?
On these pure winds that wander o'er this coast
The spirit of Health is floating. See! her touch
Glow on your cheek, whilst o'er these ancient rocks
You tread exultingly. The soil beneath
Is part of Freedom's empire. Here the heart,
Unterrified by sword, or fire, or chains,
Can worship as it lists: no tyrant crowned
Binds man in vassalage, and frowning blights
The free, fair buddings of the mind,
And checks the course of august Science,
(With a thousand triumphs brilliant,) and casts down
Her pale-browed devotees to dungeons drear.
The breath of gratitude shall from our lips
Ascend for all our mercies. As the flowers

Which bloomed on AARON's rod, yea, fairer far
 And sweeter, are the words of gratitude
 That gush toward HEAVEN sincerely from the heart.
 Back to the skies for blessings showered shall rise
 Our hearts' orisons, praise and prayer and love;
 As doth the Lake, for Morn's rich, rosy light,
 Return a rosy splendor back to heaven.

COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY WILLIAM C. BRENT.

FAR away toward the Rocky Mountains and the setting sun, stretch our vast 'Western Plains' — range alike of the red man and the buffalo. But, alas for poetry and romance! the spirit of commerce has penetrated even here; and now, where once reigned solitude supreme, or at best the Indian pursued his game and his 'dusky loves' unmolested, and a few hardy mountain men and French traders bartered their trinket-wares for furs and peltries, the prairie-merchant yearly freights his immense trains of costly goods and merchandise, destined for the far-distant settlements in the great valley of the Salt Lake, California, and New-Mexico. The old traders, trappers, and *voyageurs*, who have passed the better part of their lives alternately trapping and trading in these regions, sigh at the change which has so suddenly come over the spirit of their dreams, and utter many a *sacré* at the *nouveaux-hommes* who have invaded their realm and rights. The European cockney must needs complete his education by a trip to these western wilds, and in his 'fancy rig,' equipped with 'Colt' and 'Yager,' now shoots buffalo on the plains with as much *nonchalance* as though he were killing quail on his own preserves at home. Our great western plains and mountains are no longer a terra-incognita. They are points of commerce and of trade, hunting-grounds for amateur sportsmen, and trails for tens of thousands of California and Oregon-bound emigrants.

For the immense trade and commerce of the prairies St. Joseph and Independence, on the Missouri river, form the principal outlets, and well deserve the name of 'prairie-ports.' With the first appearance of grass the prairie-merchant is ready to take up the line of march, having laid in during the winter his stock of goods, mules, etc. Those destined for New-Mexico rendezvous at Independence, while St. Joseph is the starting-point for those destined for the Salt Lake, California, and Oregon. Such of our readers as have never been at either of these points during the months of April and May, can form no adequate idea of the scene there presented at such a season. All then is life, stir, bustle, and confusion. Strange scenes, sights, and sounds strike the eye and ear at every turn. Once across the Missouri river, and then and there commences the organization of companies; and then, too, begins in earnest camp-

life, and with it all its stern duties as well as its pleasures. Corrals have to be formed at night, and guards stationed. Streams are to be bridged and ferries established. And thus rolling slowly along, at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles a day, at length arrive at their several destinations the prairie-merchants. Their stocks usually consist of cloths and domestics, sugar and coffee, together with a sprinkling of 'liquors,' and a pretty general assortment of 'sundries.' These are soon sold out, sometimes for double and treble first cost; and again, before winter has well set in, the prairie-merchant retraces his steps to the States to lay in a fresh stock, and be off again in the spring. If he returns with *galore* of dollars, he is 'in luck;' if not, he hopes to do better next time. He is a bold and hardy adventurer, shrewd at a trade, and keen as the blade in his belt.

Such is the prairie-merchant, and such the commerce of the prairies, giving occupation as it does to hundreds of men, consuming each year many thousand head of cattle and stock in its transportation, and bringing into our Western States annually a large amount of gold and silver. There are probably at the present time near ten thousand men directly engaged in this trade, while it requires more than fifty thousand head of cattle and mules yearly for the purpose of transportation. We have no statistics on which to base figures, but think we are considerably within the mark.

Little idea has the merchant doing business in any of our old settled cities of the trials and fatigues, of the dangers and privations which the prairie-merchant undergoes ere he realizes his hard-earned gains. The one orders his stock of goods by telegraph; in the twinkling of an eye rail-car and steam-boat have deposited them at his door, ready to be placed upon his shelves. He has them insured, and if they meet with any mishap, in a few days more they are replaced. Prices-current inform him of the state of the market, of a rise or fall. But the other wagons his over a long and almost interminable desert, over streams and by lonely trails through the country of hostile and predatory bands of Indians, guarding them with the rifle. His own vigilance and watchfulness must be his insurers — his own judgment his price-current.

To-day you may see the prairie-merchant lounging about the steps of 'The Planters' at St. Louis — whither he has gone to lay in his stock of goods — expensively, although carelessly dressed, and wearing a profusion of gold chains, rings, etc., with altogether a devil-may-care air about him. When in the city, he spends his money freely, and goes in for 'seeing the town.' A few weeks later, go to St. Joseph or Independence, and you will find it difficult to recognize him in his prairie garb: broad beaver, red flannel shirt, fringed hunting-coat, an immense red silk scarf bound about his waist, and in place of the gold chains and rings, wearing now any quantity of shooting-irons, knives, etc. But wherever you find him, there is still the same devil-may-care air about him, and he is ever the gentleman. There is something in the atmosphere of the broad prairie that gives to those who make it their home an air of boldness and independence. The wild mustang of the plain has a stride and a step which the farm-bred steed never acquires. So it is with the prairie man. You would know him by his bearing wherever he might be.

'Tis the same, whether he watches by his solitary camp-fire on the plains, or revels amid the pleasures of the *fandango* of Santa Fé.

There is a wild fascination in prairie-life, and few who have tasted it for any length of time ever give it up. Who ever heard of a mountaineer returning to the settlements to live? or who ever heard of a prairie-merchant forsaking his vocation to follow his calling in the States? Each year a few get 'rubbed out' by the tomahawks of the treacherous Indian, or 'go under,' to adopt their own expressive vocabulary. But little care they: it is all one to them. St. Brain, the elder Bent, Black Harris, Bill Williams, Goodyear—all noted prairie-men—have one by one, in the last few years, 'gone under.' But few, very few, of the old set now remain. Poor Ruxton, the lamented author of that spirited book, 'Life in the Far West,' could he revisit the scene of his sojournings, would find now but few of his old companions. He would find others than Killbucke and La Bonté camping in his favorite 'Bayou Salade.' Old Bridger yet occupies his fort; Kit Carson still ranges about Santa Fé; a remnant of the Robidaux yet trade on the Big Platte. Yet are these but some of the relics of the old set. A few years more, and none will be left to tell the tale.

Twin-brother to the prairie-man is the mountaineer, the trader and trapper of the Rocky Mountains. As you ascend the Missouri river in the month of June, you may meet him with his Mackinac boat loaded with furs and peltries intended for the market of St. Louis. When the melting of snow and ice on the mountains swells the various tributaries of the Missouri, which takes place generally in the month of June, from the various posts away up on the Big Platte and the Yellowstone, he shoves into the rapid current with his frail bateau or Mackinac boat, seeking a market for his peltries. Down the Big Platte and the Yellowstone, and down the Missouri, over sand-bars and shallows, over snags and sawyers, he drifts with the rapid current. A little dried buffalo meat, a few pounds of flour, or hard bread, comprise his stock of provisions for the long and perilous journey. And thus for a thousand or fifteen hundred miles he floats along. The lofty cotton-wood trees wave their branches above him; the muddy waters of the Missouri, on whose bosom he floats, seethe, and boil, and eddy beneath him. Amid all the hardships and perils of the journey he proceeds cheerfully and gaily, merrily chanting the Canadian boat-song as he goes. Perhaps for years he has not visited the frontier settlements of the States. In such case, deep and long protracted are the orgies on his arrival at the out-posts of civilization. Liquor flows like water, and cards and dice are in huge requisition. Soon he is at the bottom of his purse, and knives, and pistols, and even clothing, are pawned to secure his return outfit.

Yet, under the progressive spirit of the age, all these things are changing rapidly. Steam-boats now ascend as far up as the Yellowstone, and return laden with the result of mountain traffic.

The trade of the Far West becomes day by day of more importance. It has built up, in a measure, the great western emporium, the city of St. Louis. Twenty years ago, and St. Louis was an old French trading-post and rendezvous for prairie and mountain men, containing only a few hundred houses. Now it is a city of more than eighty thousand inhab-

itants; lofty ware-houses and stately mansions have sprung up like magic; hundreds of noble steamers line her quays; her *levée* is instinct with life and business. Under its influence Independence has grown to be a thriving place of several thousand inhabitants, while in half a dozen years St. Joseph has grown to be a prosperous city.

The telegraph-wire will soon stretch from the Missouri river to the Rocky Mountains, bearing the lightning messenger quicker than thought; the steam-engine with its shrill whistle will ere long startle the buffalo from his range. Adieu, then, to the poetry and romance of the prairies! Adieu, then, to the strange characters that now make them their home.

INDIAN TRIUMPH - S O N G .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR

The shore, the shore,
 The pebbly sand,
 The birchen door,
 The leafy land,
 The curved canoe,
 The wigwam fire,
 The wavelet blue,
 The pine-tree spire!
 Ho, ho! ho, ho! I'm home again,
 Nor dripped the plashing oar in vain!

The sun, the sun,
 The mountain cone,
 The smoke-wreath dun,
 The oak o'erthrown,
 The ripple dance,
 The hemlock shade,
 The wildering glance
 Of dark-eyed maid!
 Ho, ho! my Huron home again;
 Nor went the warrior forth in vain!

He came, he came,
 The hunter pale,
 With flag and flame
 And fearless trail;
 With gleaming gun,
 Cold bayonet,
 And plume upon
 His helm of jet!
 Ho, ho! he will not come again!
 The Huron knives rang not in vain!

I led, I led
My battle-train,
With serpent tread,
O'er hill and plain;
My battle-band
Soft moccasin'd,
When flowers were fanned
By evening's wind:
Ho, ho! my sylvan home again!
We did not bend the bow in vain!

We met, we met
At set of sun,
And red and wet
Were knife and gun;
Oh! red and wet,
And clotted o'er
With locks of jet
And drops of gore!
Ho, ho! my forest home again!
The hatchet did not drip in vain!

It rang, it rang,
The deadly blow,
With vigorous clang,
From foe to foe;
And dark the cloud
As pall of hearse,
And fierce and loud
The battle curse!
Ho, ho! my woodland home again!
They clutched the Indian's throat in vain!

'T was done, well done,
Mid crimson rain,
The conflict won,
Th' invader slain;
And homeward now,
With captive pale,
We guide the prow
And ride the trail:
Ho, ho! our birchen home again!
We did not track the wolf in vain!

Ho, ho! ho, ho!
Let youth and sire
Make midnight glow
With fagot-fire:
Unstring the bow,
Wave hatchet bright:
The captive foe
Shall burn to-night:
Ho, ho! ho, ho! I'm home again!
The Huron does not fight in vain!

A T H O U G H T

WHILE GOING UP THE CATSKILL IN PLEASANT COMPANY.

'High mountains are a feeling,' but the heart
 Knows higher, holier heights, where it can rise,
 And mounting to the empyrean of their skies,
 Can happy be.

O ANNIE, lofty Soul! if I might rise with thee,
 Thy spirit with my spirit, hand in hand,
 Then might I hope Love's Promised Land to see,
 Content with thee!

D. R. J.

A C H A P T E R O N S N A K E S .

'CONSULTARE fibras et rumpere vocibus angues.'

MARILIUS.

'A SNAKE in the grass' is a plain expressive proverb, signifying fraudulent dealing, danger and surprise; but notwithstanding, as with head erect, the snake glides noiselessly and gracefully over nature's carpet, it is the possessor of no little beauty, of praiseworthy cunning, and of double-tongued wisdom.

Since the day when its changing skin was made the fit receptacle of one who

— 'WITH inspection deep
 Considered every creature which of all
 Most opportune might serve his wiles,
 Who led EVE, our credulous mother, to the tree
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe,'

has a war of extermination been waged against this peace-loving, cowardly, dangerous enemy of our race.

The feelings of hatred and revenge with which old Adam first burned, when he saw the wily destroyer of his peace creep away to his hiding-place, still characterize his descendants; and no retreat is safe for the hateful snake, who must 'in horrid shade or dismal den' rear its creeping offspring and seek its pitiless prey.

Moving with noiseless, rapid haste, upon its belly shall it go till the crack of doom, bearing, by some mystery unfathomable and unsought, the first curse ever uttered: strange companion of those who stood arraigned before that awful JUDGE who comes but once again to question and condemn.

The all-potent charms which lie over and around the regions of Snake-dom let me strive to break, in spite of snapping fangs, of hissing tongues and rattling tails. With Indian gourd-flute and bag I will play the magician with this chief character in the first act of life's drama, and shake out fold after fold in which, with a becoming shame-facedness, he

vainly endeavors to hide his diminished head. Fear not for my safety, for I will charm so wisely, that all snakey ears shall be made visible and stand on end, and each deaf adder, on the very tiptoe of expectation, await my imperious will and pleasure, until I have set forth the hidden merits of this persecuted, this tortuous, this well-nigh extinct race.

Let no Gypsy call me Lavengro and snake-tamer, appellatives now passing away, as the unripe conceptions of one who has earned a name which he cannot easily destroy; but I will boast proudly of my invincible grandsire, who adorned his bed-room with no mean trophies of his stout club and fearless heart, who always swore by St. Patrick, whose very eye was 'bloody murder to the bastes, and whose brawny arm freed, everlastingly, the ould counthrie of the desateful sarpints and all other reptilious hanimils.'

Who can see nothing to admire in the grace of motion, the transparent texture, the regularity of scales, the sleek glossy appearance of this out-cast from humanity's pale? A link in the chain of created beings, it must exist for some wise and useful purpose, and although endowed by nature with a defence,

— 'Whose effect
Holds such enmity with the blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body?'

yet it never strikes unless for the preservation of life, disturbed in its hiding-place by its mortal foe. The wisdom that lives in the piercing eye of the snake, the cunning and contrivance manifested in securing its prey, and in keeping far from the sight of its pitiless destroyer, man, are surely deserving some consideration.

The food of the snake is no drain on nature's store; and its habitation, the waste places of the earth. It never crosses man's path unless impelled by hunger, and even then minds its own business, if not opposed. If it does bear a mark like Cain's, tempting every one to seek its life, yet may we not allow it some prudence in often securing the first blow? A snakey character is not the worst, and since 'live and let live' is its motto, I could wish it had more imitators.

Commentators vainly attempt to agree upon even the probability that Noah received this creeping thing into the Ark: the one party learnedly, and with no lack of dignity, affirming that the whole tribe was compelled to sink or swim; while the opposite side urge, with equal wisdom and a more righteous zeal, the possibility of at least two sustaining themselves in some hollow and useless timber, thrown aside by the builders, and which of course floated on the surface of the great deep. Suffice it to say, no Kilkenny cats were ever more determined to arrive at the end of the controversy, and also, that no new sect has as yet arisen from these wonderful and astonishing discoveries.

Profane history is almost silent as to the progress, yea, even the very existence of the serpent. For long centuries it has lived in undisturbed solitude, an exile from the category of fish and flesh; by some strange conglomeration of human ideas, the suffering victim of religious prejudice, and the detestable object that seems ever desirous to literally bite our heels, while we bruise its head.

The Father of History tells us that snakes were once the welcome food of the famishing horses of the army of Cyrus; and Pliny, whose veracity we do not see fit to question, relates the almost incredible story of one measuring one hundred and twenty feet, in whose rapacious maw whole battalions had been forced to take quarters; that battering-rams were employed against it, and that an ovation, by a royal decree, was made to celebrate its defeat.

With his tail in his mouth, the snake, in Egypt, is the symbol of eternity, and is considered no unimportant hieroglyphic by the antiquary who would decipher the hidden signification of those strange characters that mar the beauty of old Cecrops' head, or of some towering obelisk or massy pyramid. In India, this symbol becomes a plain fact. The circle embraces the heavens and the earth, sweeping through the whole mythology, from Mahadeo, the serpent's god, and Doorga, his consort, bedecked with coils of snakes in the stead of jewels and charms, and attended by the great Boyuna, the admiration of Ceylon, and the huge Jiboya of Java, until it reaches the hundred-headed monster, who upholds and defends the snake of all snakes that rules the universe, together with a twin-brother, whose never-ending task is to churn the waters of immortality.

The Grecian empire, the cradle of science, at whose bloody birth the hydra-headed dragon made such fell resistance, might have been yet in embryo but for those wonderful teeth of fabled story, which assisted old Cadmus in his great undertaking; and in this connection let me not forget Hermione, and the reputed father of the hero of the Gordian knot. The Augean stables would yet be uncleared, the Nemæan lion still roar, the dog Cerberus never have visited the light of upper day, but for the interposition of the gods, who saved the infant Hercules from Juno's cruel avengers.

No mean part has this outcast been acting in the world's history, daring to strike at the root of empires, or boldly attacking and depopulating whole neighborhoods with its hundred heads; now in the shape of the Lernæan hydra on land, and at last the great sea-serpent, the creature of fancy and of dread, ploughing the briny deep, lashing it into foam, and leviathan-like, making the sea to boil like a pot.

Its massy folds and circling spires adorn the most remarkable group of sculpture ever carved, Laocoön and his ill-fated sons; to the heathen, the fearful embodiment of the fate of the rash opposer of his country's gods, but to us, convincing proof of the triumph of art over fancy's senseless dream.

'As wise as serpents' was the motto of the enigmatic Caduceus, the emblem of prudence and diligence, and the attribute of as arrant a thief as ever stole, although the patron saint of business and commerce.

A prominent actor in the wild mythology of the days of Jove, a less important figure does his snakeship cut in modern times. Seldom visible, save as the ornament of an elaborate piece of fancy-work, or the distinguishing stamp of a Mexican coin, or may be the haunting vision of a night-mare, he sleeps unmolested in his mountain bed. No Gorgon head can restore to their former number the diminishing progeny of that innumerable brood which infested the Lybian sands. Snake-charmers

have lost their occupation, with the Psylli and Marmarides of Cato's time :

— 'SAME at whose voice,
Spell-bound, the dread CERASTES lay.'

If we except the luring hiss of that old Prince of Serpents, who still

'MAKES intricate seem straight
To mischief swift,'

the horrid voice of the snake is well-nigh hushed, save to the ear of the hardy pioneer who leads far before his brethren into the western wilds, and dares to invade his dangerous hiding-place.

But enough of snakes. May they continue to slip their transparent coats as easily as did Juliet the glove that Romeo wished to be; and may you and I never experience the numbing influence of that charm which sleeps in the fiery eye, or be subjected to the mighty power of that spell which shall hold fast for ever the fool-hardy victims of 'the worm that never dies.'

J. T. H.

T H E P I L O T .

By the light of the storm when the stars waxed dim,
Still sailed the proud barque o'er the desolate sea;
Though the moan of the gale, like a funeral hymn,
Swelled up from the breakers that foamed on her lee.
What though all in tatters streamed pennon and sail,
The gloom of the midnight, the tempest's red glare,
The boding bird's cry, ringing out o'er the gale,
The heart of her pilot knew never despair:
But bravely his shout
Rang cheerily out:
'United for ever her timbers shall be;
Not a line shall be parted,
Not a plank shall be started;
If perish we must,
We will founder at sea!'
Still sailed the proud barque o'er the desolate sea.

By the light of the stars, when the tempest had fled,
Still sailed the proud barque o'er the desolate sea;
But their halo of glory encompassed the dead:
The pilot was gone, but the vessel was free.
No more on the tempest his voice shall be heard,
No more on the waters his footsteps shall be;
His dirge is the cry of the low ocean-bird,
His grave and his glory the hearts of the free.
And the voice of their shout
Rings cheerily out:
'United for ever their triumph shall be!
The fame that was brightest,
The stars that are lightest,
If perish they must,
They shall set in the sea!'
Still sails the proud barque o'er the desolate sea.

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L. J. BATES.

A T O N G U E T O L E T :

DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO JUSTIFY GUILT FOR GAIN

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS.

A TONGUE TO LET! Who comes, who comes,
 To hire this loud and restless thing?
 You call for trumpets, fifes, and drums,
 When war's fell storm is gathering;
 But when did trumpet, drum, or fife,
 Bassoon or bag-pipe, ever yet
 Avail like THIS in scenes of strife?
 A TONGUE TO LET! — A TONGUE TO LET!

Art *thou* the man of practised guile,
 Whom moral triflers name a cheat?
 Is all that *they* deem gross and vile
 In thy sound judgment fair and sweet?
 Is thine a load of guilt untold?
 Are heart and conscience black as jet?
 Fear not, if thou hast goods or gold:
 A TONGUE TO LET! — A TONGUE TO LET!

Hast *thou* withheld a brother's right,
 And stained thy hand with ink or blood?
 Pillaged and fired a house by night,
 Or spoiled young virtue's bloom and bud?
 Those noble works thou shalt not rue,
 If thou canst cash or credit get:
 We still may swear or buy thee through:
 A TONGUE TO LET! — A TONGUE TO LET!

What though some stubborn witness rise,
 A man of rude and rustic ways;
 Some quaint, strange fool that never lies,
 But prates of justice, kneels and prays?
 Should his plain statement threaten woe,
 Thou shalt not dread the verbal net:
 We two will rend and vex him so:
 A TONGUE TO LET! — A TONGUE TO LET!

If judge and jury both condemn,
 Pressing thy freedom or thy throat,
 No hurt shall reach thy garment's hem
 If thou have kept thy purse or vote.
 Stern governors grow bland or blind
 When *these* before their eyes are set,
 As thou, sent forth from gaol, shalt find:
 A TONGUE TO LET! — A TONGUE TO LET!

Nor shalt thou wither in the shade,
 When rescued from despotic laws:
 Thou shalt the purest then upbraid,
 And win the people's warm applause.

Thou then shalt lecture, preach, declaim,
 Become the ladies' pride and pet;
 Shalt turn to coin past deeds of shame,
 And have thyself a tongue to let.

Ye too that only *muse* on crime,
 Afraid lest men your acts discover,
 Come, freely name your place and time,
 And let us talk *such* matters over.
 Strong hints, you know, must serve *before*,
 Lest we your lawless deeds abet:
 True knowledge is forbidden lore:
 A TONGUE TO LET! — A TONGUE TO LET!

And mark, what we with joy confess,
 That, since it touched a wisdom-tooth,
 This tongue has learned, with bold address,
 To speak all earthly things but — truth;
 If that base weakness once appear
 In one whom angry foes beset,
 He must not hope to shield it here:
 A TONGUE TO LET! — A TONGUE TO LET!

DESULTORY THOUGHTS

ON WOOD-ENGRAVING AND WOOD-CUT PRINTING

ALTHOUGH writing for the press is not always a labor of love, it has its pleasant as well as unpleasant phases; and if historical or philosophical research, profound investigation of cause and effect, or argumentative disquisitions, are laborious and oppressive to the brain of him who undertakes the task, he occasionally seeks relief and finds his reward in writing for the mere amusement or the instruction, in some matter of every-day life, of the reader. Yet perhaps the pleasantest kind of writing on which a man can employ his pen, is that in which he can at the same time please and instruct. We flatter ourselves with the idea that under the caption which heads this article, we may perhaps be so fortunate as to attain this desirable object: at all events, we will try.

If it be true (as it undoubtedly is) that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, it is as certainly true that three-fourths of the world have but a very faint idea how very many of the things which are daily in their possession, or under their immediate observation, are made or procured. And it is probably owing to this very limited knowledge, that there are such awkwardly long pauses in the conversation in a mixed party, when 'the weather' and 'the latest news' have been discussed.

We propose now to have a little friendly gossip with our readers on a subject which is far better known than understood, namely: *Wood-Engraving, and Printing from Wood-Engravings*.

The art of engraving on wood, although coëval with the art of print-

ing, (for indeed the first fount of letters with which books were printed were neither more nor less than a series of wood-cuts, and the Chinese, who were the earliest printers, engrave the matter of their books on wood, and print one page at a time, at the present day,) did not progress so fast, attain to a like degree of excellence, or become of such importance, as the more expensive art of engraving on copper or steel: in fact, there were but few who attained to excellence in the art, nor did it come into general use, until the latter end of the last century.

The Germans were probably the best wood-engravers, in the infancy of the art. So rapidly, however, has the use of wood-engravings increased of late, and so universally are they now used, and to such a variety of purposes is wood-engraving now applied, that no one who possesses any of the comforts of life can be without some specimens of it.

Not only is far the greater portion of the illustrations of the books and papers which instruct and entertain your household printed from engravings on wood, but the patterns which make your plates, dishes, cups, etc., pictorial, are engraved on wood, printed, and then burnt in. The roses and lilies which convert your parlor into a bower, were engraved on wood before they could be printed on the paper which now covers the walls. Those mysterious devices which variegate your wife's dress, (and which, by the bye, has often furnished you with matter for speculation as to what they could possibly be intended to represent,) which she declares are so 'exceedingly pretty,' were first drawn, then engraved on, and finally printed from wooden blocks. Ten to one if the label on your pill-box was not printed from wood: nay, so universal has become the use of wood-engravings that (if you happened to be rocked in a wooden cradle) it may be said of it, as it is said of taxation in England, 'from the cradle to the coffin we are encompassed with wood!'

But it is with that branch of the art which is applied to the illustrating of our books and papers with which we have to do in this article. This is by far the finest branch; and to such a degree and beauty has it been brought, that in a great measure it supersedes the copper and steel engravings which used formerly to be employed for that purpose. And although it is doubtful whether wood-engraving can ever be brought to equal the delicacy of the plates, in skies, or other portions which require exceedingly fine lines, or to attain the softness and yet depth of shade rendered by mezzotint, yet for figures, for views of places or things, for landscape, and especially for vignettes of the most exquisite finish and beauty, wood-engravings are now almost universally used. It is true that lithography has also robbed the engraver on metal of a large portion of work; and it is true that for some descriptions of representations it is superior to wood, nay, even to metal, with the advantage of being infinitely cheaper; but the circumstances that wood-engravings can be printed from, in connection with type; that they can be printed from much quicker, and consequently cheaper; and that they can be duplicated at a very trifling cost, while lithographic drawings require re-drawing after a certain, or rather an uncertain, number of impressions are worked off; will always cause wood-engravings to be more generally used than any other now known.

But now to describe the process of wood-engraving, and printing from the wood so engraved :

The wood for fine engravings is, or at least should be, box-wood, of the finest quality, perfectly sound, free from all blemishes or defects, and thoroughly well seasoned. For the coarser or commoner kinds of woodcuts, cherry, mahogany, and other hard woods are sometimes used. The wood is sawed across the grain, in slices of about the height of type, or as printers say, 'about type-high.' These slices of wood are then put up in racks for farther seasoning, presenting an appearance somewhat similar to a series of wooden platters put up to drain by some careful cook of the last century.

When the wood is sufficiently seasoned, it is 'faced,' i. e., brought perfectly smooth on one side, which is then 'the face' of the block, and is ready for the artist.

The artist, who makes the drawing, generally selects the wood himself, as it is a matter of importance to have it close-grained, and free from all imperfections. He generally chooses a block but little larger than the engraving is to be, and if the design is larger than can be got on one piece of wood, two pieces have to be joined, the effects of which the observing reader may have sometimes seen in a very perceptible white line where there should not be one.

The artist, or 'draughtsman,' as he is generally called, having got a piece of wood to his mind, commences by covering the face of it with a white or very light wash : this is the 'ground.' He then with a black-lead pencil draws the subject or design which is to be engraved, and colors with different colored washes the different parts of the picture, thereby indicating to the engraver the degree of light or shade which he wishes the engraving to present.

If the drawing thus made be by a superior draughtsman, as DARLEY, WALLIN, DOEPLER, BELLEW, and some few others, who stand at the head of the profession in New-York, it is of itself a beautiful picture, presenting at the same time the appearance of a water-color and pencil-drawing.

The wood now passes from the draughtsman to the engraver, whose province it is to render faithfully the spirit of the drawing by a correct and clean engraving or cutting of the wood.

And here it is necessary to draw the reader's attention to the grand distinction between wood-engraving and copper or steel-engraving. In the former all the light points are cut away, only those lines which are to appear on the paper being left ; while in engraving on metal plates, the lines which are to appear are cut *into* the plate, and the white, or 'lights,' are left. This difference is owing to the different modes in which the engraving is inked, and the impression is taken. In the wood-engraving, the lines which form the picture are inked by a roller passing over them, and the impression is taken by a flat surface, the white parts of the picture never being inked at all ; whereas in printing from copper or steel, the lines which form the picture being cut in the plate, the ink is forced into those *in*-graved lines with a small ball ; the white parts which are unavoidably inked in doing so have to be cleaned before the sheet which is to receive the impression can be laid on. The impression

is given by forcing the plate under a cylinder, which forces the sheet of paper into the lines, and thus takes the ink.

This will explain how it is that wood-engravings can be worked (printed) with type, while copper, steel, and lithographic engravings cannot.

But we must now return to the wood-engraver, in whose hands the block is rapidly becoming a 'cut.'

The wood-engraver's tools, or rather tool, (for he uses but one,) consists of what is technically called a '*graver*.' It is something like a thick triangular-bladed knife, with a round knobby handle: and armed with this simple and single instrument alone, and that skill, taste, and perseverance which are indispensable to any thing like rank in his profession, he cuts out the smallest possible speck, or boldly opens out the 'lights' which are to give life and beauty to the picture. With steady and skilful hand he cleans out the delicate lines which indicate the clear and cloudless sky, the thunder-giving cloud, the leafy tree, the stately building, the god-like form of man, or the more tender and beauteous outline of the fairest portion of humanity, 'dear delightful Woman!'

For an engraver ever to rise to superior excellence in his profession, he must have taste, and a correct perception of form and natural beauty; for although an engraver may be a perfectly correct workman, and a clean engraver withal, if he has not a taste for drawing, and the same natural perception of form, proportion, perspective, light, shade, and color, which are essential to a draughtsman or artist, he cannot enter into the spirit of the subject on which he is engaged with that feeling which is necessary to a proper rendering of the draughtsman's ideas. The subject may have been drawn with the utmost freedom, life and spirit, and yet come out of the engraver's hands stiff, awkward and constrained. Such a man had better *saw* wood than attempt to 'cut' it: he may succeed at the former, he never will at the latter.

The taste for illustrated books has increased so much of late, and the business of wood-engraving is so extensive in this city, that it would be impossible, in an article of this description, to attempt to name all those who deserve to be considered excellent: but the names of BOBBETT AND EDMONDS, B. F. CHILDS, HERRICK, HOWLAND, LOSSING AND BARRITT, J. W. ORR, J. H. RICHARDSON, LESLIE, WHITNEY AND ANNIN, and ANDREWS AND LEVY, are among the most eminent which this city can boast.

It may here be observed that the business of wood-engraving is one which is peculiarly adapted to the taste and ability of the fair sex, many of whom in Europe have attained to considerable excellence, some for pleasure, others for profit; even ladies of title have not disdained to handle the graver, and we remember to have seen specimens of their handiwork, which proved that 'the titled classes' are not necessarily useless members of society. It can be performed in a parlor without making a tithe of the litter caused by patch-work, and when once learned, can always be done at home.

The wood is now engraved, but it has still to be printed before the public can see the result of the labor already performed: and we must now introduce the reader to the wood-cut printer, and initiate him into

the process necessary to be gone through, before the picture will present that appearance which the draughtsman and the engraver intended it to present.

There can be no doubt but that the acute reader, for whom we are now writing, has seen many wood-engravings which appeared very light, or 'gray,' where they ought to have appeared black; and very heavy, and the lines very thick and coarse all round the extremities, where they ought to have appeared so light and fine as almost to have gone away into nothing. Now it is ninety-nine chances to one that this faulty appearance is not attributable to either the draughtsman or the engraver. It might be the fault of the person who printed it, or it might be the fault of the publisher; but it is most likely it was the fault of the person who bought the book, because he preferred a cheap edition to a good one. We will explain.

To get a fair and correct impression from a wood-engraving, it is necessary that every part of it should have exactly as much impression on it as will bring off the lines perfect, and no more. Now, as it is in the very nature of things that (without any preparation) the extremities of the cut will have the heaviest impression, and the centre will be the lightest, and as generally the darkest part of the subject is in the centre and the extremities are light, it is necessary, to counteract the tendency before mentioned, and to produce the desired effect, that the cut should undergo the process of being 'made ready.'

But as the term 'making ready' may be rather obscure to some of my readers, and as I really *do* wish to enlighten them, and as I have no idea that by so doing I shall injure the craft, I will inform the curious reader in what it consists.

In the first place, the printer proceeds to bring the cuts to one perfect level, and as there is sometimes considerable variation in the thickness of the wood, he has to make up the deficiencies by *underlying* the cuts with paper. If there is type to be worked with the cuts, the cuts must be brought to a level with the type. Having brought the cuts to a level, the printer now proceeds to *overlay* them, which is done by overlaying the dark parts by successive thicknesses of paper in exact proportion to the depth of shade indicated by the engraving, and cutting out the light parts, thus increasing the impression on the dark or solid parts and decreasing it on the light parts.

Now to follow accurately every minute object in the picture, cutting out and overlaying it in the precise amount required, is a work of little less skill and delicacy than engraving itself, and the man who is a good wood-cut printer must have judgment and a taste for pictorial representations; and many of the engravers and draughtsmen who may read this will feel and acknowledge the truth, that some of their best productions have been marred, if not spoiled, by unskilfulness in the printer or niggardliness in the publisher. None but those who understand the business can fully appreciate the immense difference between the appearance of wood-engravings which are carefully made ready and well worked, and those which are not made ready and are carelessly worked.

Thus it will be seen that the making ready, or preparing the cut for printing, is really of as much importance as the engraving or the draw-

ing; and the discerning reader will also perceive that, as it must also take some time, it adds to the expense of printing.

As all printers are honest men, (this is an axiom,) when a wood-cut is placed in his hands, he will work or print it in exact proportion of excellence to the price paid. Thus, if the publisher is going to publish a *very* cheap edition of an illustrated work, he pays *nothing* for making ready: the cuts are merely underlaid or levelled, and the reader is left to guess at the subject of the design. If he is going to issue a moderate-priced edition, he will pay the printer a 'moderate' price for making ready the cuts, and the figures begin to emerge from the chaos of ink, and the reader gets a tolerable perception of what the artist wished him to see; but if the publisher ventures upon a *FINE* edition, and will pay for the time necessary to properly make them ready, and they are intrusted to a competent workman, they will vie with copper-plate engravings in clearness, in brightness, and in general beauty.

Now then, whose fault is it if wood-engravings do not look well? Publishers would rather bring out good editions than bad, if the public would buy them.

We feel that we cannot conclude this paper better than by rendering unto Caesar the tribute due to Caesar, or in other words, by giving the credit which is justly due to those publishers who endeavor to improve the public taste by publishing the best editions of illustrated works, and to those printers who take sufficient pride in their business to do their utmost to improve it.

There is no one publishing-house in New-York which better deserves to stand at the head of this list than the American Tract Society, commonly called in the trade 'The Tract House,' for there is no other house which has done so much to spread abroad (and at home) a taste for good printing. Although most of their issues are small, both in size and in price, and a great many are printed expressly for children, they are *beautifully* printed; good paper, good type, good ink, good wood-engravings, and the very best of work being bestowed on them. If these, even though at the lowest possible prices, do not create a taste for good printing, then nothing will. All honor to the American Tract Society, and to Mr. BROWN, the careful and judicious foreman of the press-room, under whose superintendence this fine wood-cut printing is executed.

MR. G. P. PUTNAM, who publishes some of the very best editions of the very best works, deserves to be rewarded by a very large sale for the exceedingly liberal manner in which he brought out the best edition ever published of the works of WASHINGTON IRVING. They are copiously illustrated, the drawings by DARLEY, the engraving by the best engravers, and the printing by the best printers the city could produce. This is only one of the many good books he publishes. There is no individual publisher in the city who gets out his works in more liberal style, or who has done more to encourage a taste for fine printing, than GEO. P. PUTNAM.

HARPER AND BROTHERS, a firm whose name is known every where, and whose business is immense, are also helpers in the cause. Their Illustrated Bible, Field Book of the Revolution, Monthly Magazine, and other illustrated publications, are doing their share in cultivating the tastes as

well as improving the minds of the people. They print all their own works.

The BROTHERS APPLETON, in Broadway, have issued many works which have reflected the highest credit upon their enterprise, liberality, and good taste. Among the most striking of these are HALLECK's illustrated 'Poems,' Bishop WAINWRIGHT's 'Land of Bondage,' and the 'Knicker-Knaeks from an Editor's Table,' recently published.

Mr. CHARLES SCRIBNER has issued several works which have done honor to his press. His large illustrated edition of the 'Reveries of a Bachelor' was very beautifully executed.

Among those who are printers only, the name of J. F. TROW, Ann-street, may be mentioned with distinction, as eminent for an ambition to turn out such printing as will gratify the most fastidious, and excite his compeers to a wholesome and honorable competition.*

Of Mr. GRAY, the printer of the KNICKERBOCKER, and of his extensive establishment, your Magazine has already spoken, and at large, in terms of just commendation. His greatly-increasing business and enlarged premises sufficiently attest the excellence of his work, and his ambition to excel in the 'art preservative of all arts.' TORREY of Nassau-street, ALVORD of Gold-street, and quite a number of others, are also striving to make New-York as famous for the *quality* of its printing as it already is for the *quantity*.

* We take great pleasure in 'bearing our testimony' to the justice of this encomium. Our own recent volume is evidence in point. To the capable assistants of Mr. Trow, and especially to his foreman, Mr. WERRY, who 'each particular of his duty knows,' and *does* it, and to Mr. CRATE, who superintended the 'making-ready' of the wood-cut printing, we take this occasion to tender our public thanks. This latter gentleman has no superior in his line in the city. He looks with a true artist's eye at the production of effects in light and shade, and no manipulation, howsoever difficult, does he leave unemployed to secure 'good work.'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

N I G H T : A S O N N E T .

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

O NIGHT! I love thee, as a weary child
Loves the maternal breast on which it leans!
Day has its golden pomp, its bustling scenes,
But richer gifts are thine: the turmoil wild
Of a proud heart thy low sad voice hath stilled,
Until its throb is gentler than the swell
Of a light billow, and its chamber filled
With cloudless light, with calm unspeakable:
Thy hand a curtain lifteth, and I see
One who first taught my heart with love to thrill,
Though long ago her lip of song grew still.
Day showeth but the sod upon her breast,
But thou, O Night! her form in glorious raiment drest.

Avon, (N. Y.) October 22, 1852.

MASSACHUSETTS MOUNTAINS.

From the windows of my study,
Southward as I often gaze,
Veiled in summer's sunset ruddy,
'MONUMENT' its cliffs displays.

Clings around its summit hoary
Indian tale of love and crime;
BRYANT'S muse embalmed the story,
That shall live to latest time.

Northward stands the ancient dwelling
SERGEANT builded long ago,
Where his heavenly ardor swelling,
Bathed the Red-man in its flow.

Westward, in their earthy slumbers,
Lie the thousands of our dead;
While the monumental numbers
Register each honored head.

Pale-face and his dusky brother
Mingle there their common dust,
Waiting, each beside the other,
For the rising of the just.

In the gap of yonder mountain
Lies the famous Icy-GLEN,
Where at times Romance's fountain
Mirrors torches, maids, and men.

Just before me, thus inditing,
LAUREL HILL's green shades arise,
Many a pilgrim foot inviting
To the 'ROCK OF SACRIFICE.'

Sweetly bosoming the river,
Lie the meadows fair and wide;
While the fringing willows quiver,
Shadowed in the placid tide.

Mountains, wood-topped and romantic,
All this beauteous scene empale,
And, like sentinels gigantic,
Guard the beauty of the vale.

Valley full of Nature's glory,
Be thy charms remembered long!
Rife with legendary story,
Worthy poësy and song.

Fairer home, creation over.
Errant mortal ne'er shall see:
Humbly, like a faithful lover,
I bequeath my heart to thee!

Stockbridge, (Mass.,) 1852.

E. W. B. CANNING

TRANSCRIPTS

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF.

BY FREDERICK L. VOLTE.

'MR. BAUDIN is not in,' said the clerk of one of the fashionable hotels in Broadway, of whom I had inquired on a professional visit one morning.

'Not in,' repeated I gravely, and retired.

I called again, and got the same answer. I called again, and again: the same answer still. 'Strange,' thought I, 'that this man is never at home.' I had called at the hotel at early morn and dewy eve, and lingered about until the midnight bell had struck, and the man Baudin was always — 'not at home.'

'At what time is it usual for him to be in, or at what hour would it be convenient for me to see him?' I asked of the clerk.

'I don't know, Sir,' replied he; 'Mr. Baudin has gone out of town, and I am not possessed with the information you desire.'

'Gone out of town!' muttered I. 'Oh, this is too bad!' Here had I been calling and running, anxiously expecting that at every call I made I would have one writ the less in my budget of secret history: for so, I take it, should a sheriff's docket be styled. Where, indeed, I would ask, could so true a history of the manners and lives of the people of any age, in their private relations, be gleaned as from the official documents in our possession? — the barren phraseology of the official return eked out by private memoirs:

'T is true, and pity 'tis, 't is true.'

Upon reflection, I concluded that my simplicity had been deceived by the clerk at the hotel, whose intention (as I afterward learned, suggested by Mr. Baudin) was to put me 'off the track,' and thereby assist the party *in delicto* to gain time and avoid the service of the writ I had against him.

It may be asked, 'How did the clerk know you were the sheriff?' My answer is, 'I could not go any where, it seemed, without being recognized by an acquaintance, or by some one for whom, or against whom, I had had business relations; and thus while applying at the hotel was I discovered, and known as sheriff, and addressed by several of the boarders at the hotel.'

Being known there as the sheriff, and having no hopes of finding my man around those quarters, I was put to my 'native cunning' to find out his whereabouts, in the best and quickest way possible. For I must work quickly, if at all, or otherwise give up the chase. But to me there was no such word as 'fail.' To this end, then, I resolved to work expeditiously. Baudin undoubtedly had got an advantage over me. He perhaps had seen me, or had a description of my person, obtained proba-

bly through his friend the clerk at the hotel. So it will be seen that I was laboring against great odds. Nevertheless, as 'the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong,' I determined to follow him, though it should cost me some time and labor.

'Gone out of town!' pondered I: 'yes, that means not to be caught; 'left the hotel,' that means not in my bailiwick. So here goes for a capture!'

'Find a needle in a hay-stack,' is an old puzzle; and in my situation, to drag out the person of Mr. Chillington Baudin from his lurking-place was almost as impracticable. It certainly was equal to one of the labors of Hercules: for be it known Baudin was a gay young man about town, who had gone to seed. He had seen the sunshine of his days, and being already on the dark side of life, like the bat he kept under cover by day and prowled about at night.

I inquired at most of the public places which I supposed Baudin visited. I went to the theatres; called at the principal billiard-saloons; stopped at the restaurants of Florence, Sherwood, Fisher, and others; in short, I dropped in at every supposable place that Baudin patronized, and my search was continued for six long weeks, principally o' nights, but without realizing my so eagerly-desired triumph, the capture of Chillington Baudin.

Still my efforts to find him were not slackened, though with but little better success. As soon as I had any information as to where he was, and made inquiry there, he was *non est inventus*: had sloped, gone, vanished. This was practised on me for some time. I could not get information in time. He was 'not there' at every place I called.

At length, being wearied with the trouble I had taken in the matter, and feeling too that I had done as much for the interest of the plaintiff in the writ as 'the law required,' and that nothing but chance would enable me to serve it, I was disposed to give it no more care, and return it when return-day came. While waiting for this desirable period to arrive, one day a stranger called upon me at my office, and, addressing me in pure Celtic *patois*, said: 'Sheriff, yee's had a bit av a job for me, against Dan O'Neil, for slandering me karacter, an ye tuck him I know; an I've come now to ask yer honor the names av the bail you tuck?'

I remembered the writ, but I was not disposed to give information about a subject until I had ascertained what interest he had in the matter, and so I asked him who he was.

'Me name's Con Dalton, yer honor, and yer honor can find that on the bit av paper yer honor had agin Dan O'Neil, the blaggard; and, bedad, I think yer honor must know me. I've seen yer honor a dozen av times or so at the Tarlton Hotel, asking for Mr. Chillington Baudin.'

I gave Cornelius, or Con Dalton, as he called himself, the information he desired, and he thanked me heartily for the good service he insisted I had done him.

'The security is good, yer honor, and Dan was got in good time, for he's off now; but the bail is good, and I'm obleeged to yer honor, an' if I can do yer honor a good turn when it comes in me way, I'll do it, and glad av the opportunity.'

'I thank you, Mr. Dalton,' said I, 'for your kind offer; but tell me,

what were you doing at the Tarlton Hotel when you saw me there so often, and inquiring for Mr. Baudin ?'

'I'm a waiter there, Sir, be the office close't.'

'Ah, you're a waiter, and your station is around the office, eh ?'

'Yes, Sir, jist.'

'And you know Mr. Baudin, the gentleman I inquired for so often ?'

'Troth do I ! and I know, too, yer honor's call for him ; it was a bit av paper like mine agin Dan O'Neil you had, only not for spilin' a ka-racter, but for gettin' goods be false pretences, called troover, I mind.'

'Con,' said I to him, hoping to get from him some information which would be of service to me, and fearing withal that he would not impart to me any thing about Baudin, if he really knew of his whereabouts, 'Con, so you are acquainted with that gentleman, are you ? — and I suppose you know where he is to be found, eh ?'

'Do I know him ?' said he ; 'deed, but I do ; and it's mesilf that knows where he is jist.'

'And you'll inform me, Con, will you ?'

'No, yer honor, I'll not inform, but I'll tell yees. I promised yees that I'd do yees a good turn when it came in me way, and bedad, I think the time's jist come. Only be secret, yer honor.'

I promised him secrecy, and assured him that in no event should the source of my information be known.

'Well, yer honor,' said he, 'beyant Broadway, to the lift, as ye go up, in Mercer-street, before yees come till the corner, and right forninst a stable across the way, there is a boarding-house, and there ye'll find the gentleman ye're asking me av. No, ye'll not find him unless you do as I tell yees : he lodges there, ye see, and the girrel that tends the door, belike, is tould till be sly who she lets in to see Mr. Baudin. Her name's Mary, yer honor, and yees knows better how to git in than I can tell ye. Only a shilling or so ; but yer honor knows. Go in the morning, Sir, about eight o'clock. Do as I bid ye, and all will be right.'

'I will do as you bid me, Mr. Dalton.'

'Call me Con, if you please : Con's me name.'

'I will follow your directions, so be easy on that head, Con ; and no one shall be the wiser that you gave me the information ; and beside, I am much indebted to you.'

'Not a bit av it,' said he ; 'yees acted like a gintleman till me ; only be careful, and ye'll get your bird. Eight o'clock in the morning, mind. Good bye, Sir !'

'Good bye, Sir !' and he was off.

At eight next morning I was at the house where Baudin was supposed to have lodged, which, following the directions of Con Dalton, I had easily found. As he said, it was opposite a stable. Going to the door, I rang the bell, and the door was opened by a merry blue-eyed girl ; who, on my saying that 'I wished to see Mr. Baudin,' replied, doubtingly, that 'she was n't sure that Mr. Chillington Baudin came home in the night ;' deed, but she thought he had n't come home.'

'Oh yes, Mary,' said I, coaxingly, 'he did come home ; and I know you are a good girl, and here's something for you, Mary. You will, I am certain, answer me truly.'

'Deed, but I will,' said she. 'The jintleman you was asking for is who?'

'Who! why, who but Mr. Chillington Baudin?' said I.

'That's it, sure; I'm lectured upon that, Sir. I can't admit any one to see the jintleman but them that asks for the jintleman in full.'

I laughed outright at the cunning hit, 'the jintleman in full.' 'Ah, Chillington Baudin, I have you now!' thought I.

'Ah, Mary, please to direct me to his room.'

'I'll keep your honor's company till the room, and show it you.'

'Thank you, Mary.'

'Mary's me name, shure,' said she, as she requested me to precede her up two pair of stairs. 'Yis, that's me name, and that's the room of Mr. Chillington Baudin, and ye'll find him there. And ye tould the jintleman's name in full, did n't ye, Sir? Indeed, I know you did. That's the room, Sir.'

Into the room indicated by the girl I posted. But judge of my surprise, and the dilemma in which I was fixed, when I discovered two beds, and each of them occupied by a person who snored prodigiously. There was I standing, midway between the beds, a silent spectator, careful lest my least breathing should awaken one or the other, or both; fearful that if I awoke either I should 'wake the wrong passenger.' 'This is a fix!' thought I. It would not do for me to leave the room, and call on Mary 'to show me my man.' No, that would n't do; that would shock the girl's modesty, and mine, too, to ask her. How can it be done? In what way can I discover which was Baudin? By looking at their clothing? No; that was a suspicious act, if they awoke during the process; and I might be mistaken, and get a bullet in my head. Ah, I have it: I will look in their hats; their initials, or probably some marks of identity, are there. But lo! the thought vanished from my mind when I saw both hats on the same table; both identical, with no ear-mark upon either. Thus agitated, I knew not what to do. I was cogitating anxiously to produce some way or means to enable me to single out my defendant, (but, as the result will show, I should have had no anxiety at all,) when, on looking toward one of the beds, a pair of eyes wide open were looking at me, staring, and seemed to ask, (as eyes will speak,) 'Who the devil are you, and what are you here for?'

I stood for a while in doubt what to do, those eyes still glaring at me, and yet there seemed as if fear lingered about them. The body rose half way up in a sitting posture, with arms over and outside the covering, and at last the mouth opened and spoke: 'Hallo, old fellow! who are you? What do you want? What are you doing here? Very odd! Very strange!'

'It does seem odd, strange,' replied I, 'and I suppose I ought to apologize for the intrusion and my apparent rudeness. But,' continued I, 'if you talk so loudly, you will awaken your friend.'

'Chillington is an amiable fellow,' said he, 'and I do n't care whether he is awakened or not. Chillington,' continued he, in a loud voice, addressing the sleeper, 'wake up! Come! get up!'

'Ah ha!' thought I, 'now I have got you.'

'Chillington! Baudin! hallo! wake up!' continued he, in a man-

ner somewhat alarmed, and a voice a little tremulous, as if invoking his friend's assistance to repel me, whom he supposed to have no honest intentions about his room.

The gentleman thus addressed, and thus besought, *did* awake, opened his eyes, and he appeared more frightened than the other. The thought flashed across my mind for an instant that his state of feeling might arise from the certainty that perhaps I had business relations with him, and not of so mild character either as to be disposed of easily. Calming himself down, however, and addressing me with that easy carelessness of manner men of his class ordinarily exhibit, he exclaimed, 'Good morning, Sheriff; no necessity for your card. I know you very well, but never had the pleasure of an introduction. Sheriff, Mr. Ranston; Ranston, the Sheriff. Give you bail; oh, yes, a sufficiency; plenty, plenty, and good at that. We are off-hand fellows; we are *en deshabille* just now; but we will arrange our toilet at once. Can't comprehend why you called at so unseasonable an hour; no necessity for this excessive diligence, my dear fellow, not in the least. Was there, Charley?'

'Not a bit,' Charley replied.

'Mr. Charles Ranston,' said I to myself. 'If so, instead of catching one bird, I have actually caught two.' Such was the fact: but bide the while, dear reader, and all shall be made known.

'Charley,' continued Mr. Baudin, 'you will go bail for me. Eh, Charley?'

'Yes, Chilling,' replied he, 'provided the Sheriff takes me. Take me, Sheriff, eh?'

'Oh, certainly. I'll take you with pleasure, if your name's Charles Ranston.'

'My name ain't any thing else; no, indeed it ain't. Not a middle letter in it.'

'I always take every thing I lay my hands on, provided I have a writ against it,' I replied, at the same time laying my hand on his shoulder.*

This was a cut direct, and he staggered under it.

'You, you haven't a writ against *me* too, have you, Sheriff?' stammered he.

'I have that honor, Mr. Ranston.'

'Trick, rather, I should say,' retorted Ranston.

'Face, said Baudin, smiling, between his teeth.

'No, gentlemen, the 'honor' is a 'trump,' and takes the 'trick,' said I.

'That's bringing down two birds with a single shot. Isn't it, Charley?' said Baudin.

'And bagging them, too,' replied Charley, in a semi-playful manner; but still a little frightened, I thought.

'Mr. Ranston,' said I, 'your case is trifling, nothing but an appearance-writ; and I will thank you to endorse your name, which signifies only an admission of the service of the writ.'

'Is that all?' said he, gleefully. 'Oh, I'll do that cheerfully, particu-

*The customary way, in olden times, when a sheriff made an arrest, was to put his hand on the defendant's person; so also when he levied upon property, he touched every article seized by him, and from that moment the property was bound.

larly as there's no more harm in it than in a promise to pay. So that's done. Now I am at liberty. Is it so, Mr. Sheriff?'

'You are,' replied I.

'*Viva! Viva!* I'm still Charley Ranston: but how about my friend?' said he.

'He won't fare so well.'

'No?'

'No, Mr. Ranston. Mr. Baudin must give me bail in two thousand dollars, in such sureties as can justify in that amount.'

'I can't do it,' replied Mr. Baudin. 'It cannot be done. My last hope is gone, if you will not take Mr. Ranston.'

'He do n't like to be taken; do you, Mr. Ranston?' I asked of that gentleman.

'No objection in the least to be taken up,' said he, 'conditioned if I am let down so easily; much indebted to you.'

'Not indebted to me at all, but you have every reason to be thankful to your good luck on this occasion.'

'So I have. *Viva! Viva!*' exclaimed he.

'Mr. Baudin,' said I, addressing that personage, 'you say that you cannot give me the bail required. It therefore only remains that you must go to jail.'

'Bail,' 'jail,' 'jail,' 'bail,' chimed he thoughtfully. 'Yes, that is what I have concluded on,' said he in reply, 'and I may as well take it easy. Got any money?' said he, addressing Ranston. To which question that gentleman, after searching his pockets, and turning them inside out, and finally finding something, replied:

'Yes, Chillington, a solitary dollar comprises my entire balance in exchequer. Do you want it?'

'Do I want it, Charley? Certainly I do. Have n't a copper myself, and I think I shall want a breakfast before I go to jail; that is, if the sheriff will permit me to trespass upon his time long enough.'

'Oh, certainly,' said I; 'you shall be treated like a human being as long as you are under my care. Certainly you may have time enough for your breakfast.'

Charley Ranston here left us, rejoiced, I doubt not, to be out of my company. At least, so he seemed, for when going, he bade me 'Good-bye, glad to get rid of so close a friend;' and he hurried off, praying that he might never be 'caught a-napping again,' which during my time never did occur with him again.

Chillington was allowed by me to partake of his breakfast, which by reason of the low state of his finances was obtained at a 'cheap and nasty' restaurant hard by. His breakfast being completed, after a little while, I escorted Mr. Chillington Baudin to jail, and delivering him to the tender mercies and kind considerations of the jailer, I left him, as he said:

'By-bye, Sheriff. Give my love please to Charley, if you should see him. By-bye.'

Baudin remained in jail some days, but was finally liberated by his relatives, who were wealthy, and made a settlement of the claim against him in full.

T H E H O U S E H O L D .

BY THOMAS H HOWARD.

In this room, so quaintly made,
Walls and casements stained and old,
Sun-light struggles in through shade —
Not the cold.

Not the cold, with fingers frozen,
Meets the sun-shine, warm and bright,
On the spot which I have chosen
Where to write.

While I watch the red fire flowing
From the grate, now fierce, now tame,
Thoughts come thronging up, as glowing
As its flame.

Let me place them — mid-day sparkles
From the mind's pure anthracite —
Here, where each, when evening darkles,
May grow bright.

Then, when shades descend before me
From the midnight's coming gloom,
Thoughts will glow which now come o'er me
In this room:

In this room so quaintly made,
Walls and casements fashioned oldly,
Where the sun-light, in through shade,
Struggles boldly.

Thence my mind, in fitful marches,
Passes inward to an olden
Other room, whose stately arches
All are golden.

It is lighted, arch and column —
Though *here* sun-light never falls;
And Memory hangs her pictures solemn
On its walls.

There I meet the loved ones who,
But for inward Truth's endeavor,
Seem, to merely mortal view,
Lost for ever.

But I meet them, and no longer
In the dimness are we parted,
And their presence makes me stronger —
Stronger-hearted:

Stately presences, whose seeming
Shadows like Reality,
Till the Actual only dreaming
Is to me.

She who wife and mother was,
Purified of her unrest,
Lives for those she did, and does,
Love the best:

New-Orleans, Nov., 1852.

Leading on with angel sway,
Though unseen, felt ever near,
Out to broad and open day,
Loved ones here.

Dear ones with celestial light
Arch and column so illumine,
That the day seems perfect night
In the human.

And when back I trace my thought
To this quaintly-fashioned Real,
All about seems Fancy-wrought
And ideal:

Till, the silence softly rifting
From the dim old corridor,
Two sweet tiny voices shifting
Music pour.

These here dwell without their mother,
In this room so quaint and olden,
And they know not of the other
Arched and golden.

And they ask me daily for her,
And I tell them she is there;
And they make me still deplore her,
Asking where:

Saying softly, as no other
Voices could, with each a tear,
'Will our dearest, dearest mother
Soon come here?'

But with each young mind's expansion,
From this mansion, stained and olden,
I will lead them to the mansion
Arched and golden.

And the household, newly gladdened,
There shall find its dear ones blended,
As if it had not been saddened,
Or been rended.

Then these embers, dimly darkling
From my mind's pure anthracite,
Shall, when comes its day-time sparkling,
Grow more bright.

And when shades depart before me,
Like the march of wintry gloom,
Thoughts shall glow which now come o'er me
In this room:

In this room so quaintly made,
With its casements fashioned oldly,
Where the sun-light, in through shade,
Struggles coldly.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE ROMANCE OF STUDENT-LIFE ABROAD. By RICHARD B. KIMBALL, Author of 'St. Leger,' 'Cuba and the Cubans,' etc. New-York: PUTNAM AND COMPANY.

WE welcome with sincere pleasure the addition of this new-comer to the by no means numerous ranks of 'books which are books.' We welcome it as a deeply-absorbing romance; we welcome it as a profound truth; we welcome it as a straight-forward and simple narrative of deeds and thoughts; and we welcome it as a deep and curious philosophical study. There is now a new era in works of fiction. During the Middle Ages, poems and legends were perused simply 'for the sake of the story:' scenes of war and love; wild adventures by sea and land; grotesque and marvellous tales of the supernatural; all, in fact, that could appeal to the passions or senses, was wrought up in a manner calculated to awaken a vivid interest in even the most unthinking and illiterate. As regards *the principle* on which these works were written, we find little real difference in the works of even such modern novelists as SCOTT, COOPER, or JAMES. In fact, as regards consistency, and a true title to be ranked among the representatives of a school or style, there are many works of fiction voted 'decidedly vulgar' at the present day, which will, however, in after-times, be carefully preserved, not only as containing curious instances of life and manners, but from their really possessing in a high degree the predominant characteristics of the old school. And what then are these characteristics? Let us examine. How many a reader, in perusing 'popular and thrilling romances,' written by men whom he *knows* to be without genius—perhaps almost without talent—has been vexed with himself at finding the unbidden tear starting to his eye, or at feeling in his heart emotions which he is ashamed to have awakened by so weak a voice as that of the novelist before him. And how many a small reviewer, puzzled on the one hand at the deep emotions which the work inspires, and on the other, at the manifest want of many of the simplest qualifications of a good writer or thinker, briefly dispatches it in a common-place style, totally condemning or praising it at will, doing either with a fair show of strict justice, or winning for himself a reputation of the purest impartiality by alternately *slashing* its defects and *plastering* its merits. Now the true cause of this seeming contradiction is in reality plain enough. There is a vast array of the most intensely-absorbing emotions or events, appreciable by, and capable of falling within, the experience of every one. The abduction of a wife, the seduction of a daughter or sister, the ruin of property by a friend, form events capable of touching the heart, even when lamely set forth, even as the announcement that they had really happened,

would fill us with horror, whether announced in the homely language of an ignorant servant, or whispered in the polished and refined accent of an intimate friend. The back-ground on which these figures of thrilling romance are painted, is less difficult of execution than readers generally suppose. It is but the literal imitation of nature—or models; and a little practice renders any knight of the quill wonderfully perfect in all its mysteries.

Modern novelists have risen superior to their predecessors of the Middle Ages in describing minuter and subtler emotions than those with which the *Trouveurs* and *Minnesingers* were familiar. But they have no more originated a new style than have the builders of the present century a new architecture. There has been, it is true, a reaction, and a powerful one. An attempt was made in Germany to re-construct novelism on a philosophical and aesthetic basis; an attempt which has here and there met with a responsive echo in the soul of some congenial *thinker*. But for the mass, all such reflective works are as yet necessary failures. What is *WILHELM MEISTER* to a Miss of sixteen? Nothing good or useful, we are certain. The aesthetic novel requires the employment of good and evil, of highly incongruous elements, that its singular and critical spirit may find full employment. And though critical reading be in reality infinitely more delightful than that whose highest aim consists of interest of narrative, still the great, overwhelming majority of unthinking readers will ever prefer the latter.

But, although no new school is as yet fairly formed, we still find distinctly-marked signs of the beginning of one. Here and there a writer, endowed with more penetration and a truer spirit of progress than his compeers, ventures to quit a little the old beaten track, and without relinquishing that interest of narrative which is his only hope of salvation with the multitude, still ventures to regard human nature, with its infinite lights and shadows, as one great, glorious, endless work of Art, to be judged by the same rules as all other emanations of mind impressed in matter. 'But,' the reader may inquire, 'does not the narrative lose in interest, does it not miss in thrilling power, through this introduction of philosophical thought?'

To which we would reply: 'What think you of the works of *STERNE*?'

In the common-place novel every body was very good or very bad. What the merely descriptive side of the new school of novelism is gaining over the old by its philosophy is a more accurate portrayal of human nature as it is. The noblest minds vary and change, and show dark points in a manner never set forth in old romances, while the vilest men at times show themselves possessed of, we will not say great and noble traits, or singular saving clauses, but a thousand little amenities, a thousand little common-place varieties of good and evil, which greatly influence our impressions of the grand leading traits of their character. Unfamiliar with philosophical criticism and comparative art, ordinary novelists are totally incapable either of appreciating or setting forth these peculiarities: and, indeed, an attempt of this nature would seriously risk overturning the entire balance of the subject proposed.

Among those works which, clinging with a deep, an earnest love for all that is beautiful in nature, still comprehend that throughout all wind deep mysterious laws of harmony, leading to something far more glorious than sensuous beauty, we class this late work of *MR. KIMBALL*. In it the author has not done all that he could do, for his mind is of the promising, progressive order, whose every new performance indicates new capabilities. The work itself lays no claim to be of that high order of originality which *we* claim for it. It is simply the record of

a few true and literal experiences, during a student-residence in Paris. But its observations are of no common order, and the insight which it displays into the heart and life is miraculous. Every body and every thing is for the author a profound study. Like *Fantasio* in ALFRED DE MUSSET's charming proverb, he sees in every soul a great mysterious abyss of thought, or of subject for thought.

Those who, misled by the title, expect to find in this work merely a brilliant record of delightful sins, duels, drinks, and pretty mistresses, will be disappointed. With a keen rapid glance, and in his peculiar silent way, our author indeed sees through and comprehends every thing of the kind, with the eye of a finished man of the world, to whom all phases of life are equally intelligible. But he is as evidently a *gentleman*, and as such possesses in the highest degree that innate delicacy and refinement which recoils from the description of aught which could affect unpleasantly the young and the pure. To learn the world at the least possible risk of corruption, a youth going abroad for the first time should have this work literally by heart. It will teach him in advance lessons which he might not otherwise draw from years of experience. With all this refinement and delicacy, both of morals and perception, our author does not lack strength or energy. We have heard it stated that the biographies of very few men present such striking instances of the success of vigor of will against every opposition, as his own. And since the inelegant but expressive term of 'old foggy' has crept into legislative and editorial parlance, we take the liberty of negatively employing it, by assuring our readers, that as far as a true spirit of advance in life, literature, and art is concerned, we know of no work in which the author appears to be so little of an 'old foggy' as this. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise. A life derived from high family, familiarized at all times with elevated historical and social relations, passed alternately in the best universities of Europe and America, or in frequent and widely-extended travel, until the most out-of-the-way nooks of continental life became old acquaintances, could hardly give as a result a work which was not new, piquant, and progressive. Such is the work, and such its characteristics. The author has aimed at penetrating and setting forth the æsthetic spirit of life, without losing a shade of interest in the narrative. He has succeeded; the problem is solved. Let us only hope that this work may be the forerunner of a long and widely-extended series of productions of the same nature.

ESSAYS ON THE PROGRESS OF NATIONS. By EZRA C. SEAMAN. In one volume: pp. 630. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

This is truly a 'labor-saving machine,' (if the author will allow us thus to speak:) its six hundred and thirty closely-printed pages are filled with valuable and interesting information, which can no where else be found in so convenient a form. To the general reader it is useful as a work of reference, and to the politician and historian it is almost indispensable. Statistical information is that which we most need: of theories we have enough; but in results and facts, by which all theories are tested, and from which all advances must be made, we have always been deficient. This work is one important step toward supplying the wants of the student and the statesman in that department.

The author has had great advantages in the collection of his facts, and the results prove that he has not lacked the industry and ability necessary to the

task. The work is comprehensive in its character and reliable in its details, and as such we recommend it to all in want of accurate statistical information. Mr. SEAMAN has placed the public under many and great obligations by the publication of this book: and we trust that he will be encouraged by a proper acknowledgment to continue his useful labors.

CAIUS GRACCHUS. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By LOUISA S. McCORD, of South-Carolina. New-York: H. KERNOT.

THE drama is not a favorite form in the poetical literature of the day; perhaps because the fashion is rather to deal with the general and abstract, or to take a wider range in view of humanity than belongs to the expression of individual feeling, or the portraiture of individual character. Our female writers, especially, have avoided this species of composition. Some indeed have written fine poems, cast in a dramatic form, but we know of no genuine tragedy or comedy, glowing with the vigorous exhibition of character and passion, or rich in the faithful delineation of life and manners, which give the drama its substance and vitality, from the pen of an American woman. The poetry of the country has been almost exclusively lyric, didactic, or descriptive. Its themes are usually chosen from fire-side experiences, and the thoughts and emotions of a contemplative existence, or from the various aspects of external nature: recollections of noble deeds, or sympathy with them, finding melodious expression, but seldom with such depth and pathos as to stir the soul in its recesses. The style of the muse at the present day, here as well as abroad, is a soft attractive mien and wealth of adornment, in contrast with the severe simplicity of her ancient garb. She appeals to the fancy — the excitable, it may be said — rather than to the graver intellectual faculties. The banquet she offers is a store of sweets, choicely prepared, and improved by judicious mingling of foreign ingredients, but the substantial aliment is often wanting; the strong meat by which the understanding grows and thrives; and where there is food for thought, it is rather in the way of suggestion, provocative of appetite, than a satisfactory supply. The air around us is full of delicate harmonies, snatches of which may ‘lap us in Elysium’ for a brief moment; but we listen in vain for some master tone so fraught with power that were it long to enwrap us,

‘TIME would run back and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled vanity
Would sicken soon, and die,
And leprous sin would melt from earthly mould.’

The generalizing spirit of the age contributes, without a doubt, to the present taste in poetry, and this is in a measure the effect of our political condition. The continuance of a state of things causing danger or distress felt by every individual throughout the land, would concentrate the attention divided among a multitude of objects, and bring home the thoughts wandering to the ends of the earth. If a high degree of cultivation had been general, the scenes of our Revolution, enlisting the passions of individuals as well as involving the destinies of nations, might have given a direction and vigorous life to popular literature. But our ancestors were better qualified to act in those stirring scenes than to depict them artistically; they could fight their battles o’er again in the hearing of their children, but they were not competent to the use of the pen as

well as the sword. The heroic matrons of that day could arm husband and son for the strife, could wield the soldier's weapons, or even write, as did MEROY WARREN, the history of the struggle: but they were not skilled to build the lofty rhyme; and those who courted the muse, it must be confessed, lacked the genius which could burst through all clouds, and shine with such splendor as to enlighten the world. The genial atmosphere and assiduous cultivation of later years might have shown them how to produce what would have been remembered with pride and profit by future generations; but in the process of refining the taste the stimulus was lost. As the female mind expanded with increased advantages of education, and the sunshine of national prosperity fostered the growth of art, the impulsive mental energy which seeks its outlet in creative action and vigorous utterance was less felt. The influence, too, of the prevailing school of English poetry, in which a sensuous brilliance of imagery and elaborate luxuriance of decoration had taken the place of the homely strength of former times, formed the popular taste in this country, raising up imitators of BYRON and the Lake poets. Then the philosophical tendencies of the continental nations began to be engrafted upon the delicate growth of verse, and the German writers had their share in moulding its products. Questions of philanthropic interest were open to discussion, in which any might take part; and human rights, social relations, and the constitution of society began to be canvassed. This kind of progress, enlarging indefinitely the range of mental action, is peculiarly unfavorable to the poetic art, particularly in the drama, which requires concentrated energy and development of its idea by direct and personal expression.

The prevalent character of poetry, fanciful, descriptive, impassioned, or superficially metaphysical, is illustrated in the productions of most of our female poets, those of the East receiving the first impulse, and those of the West echoing the like strains in various degrees of melody. Scarce one has written in a style so different from the rest that any of her works have a distinctive character, essentially unlike the others: all wear the same features, and belong to the same school; and very few, we are bound to say, on account of this want of individual originality, are destined to an enduring reputation. The South has been deficient in representatives. Except the lady whose work is the subject of this article, and Mrs. GILMAN, who is not a native of South-Carolina, it has had no poetess whose writings have commanded much attention. Yet in the agitated state of public feeling which has prevailed in South-Carolina for some years past, exist important requisites for the nourishing and development of the poetic faculty in its greatest vigor. The idea of external oppression, exciting personal feeling, and turning the mind to the contemplation of examples of heroic resistance, has in past times produced the noblest specimens of eloquence, and plumed the wings of Poesy for her most sustained flights.

It would hardly be fair, however, to attribute solely to political causes the fact that South-Carolina has produced the only American poet whose productions may be said to belong to the elder school, which appeal to the intellect more than the fancy, and are marked by such sinewy strength of thought and expression as to be stamped at once with a character of originality. It is easy to see that Mrs. McCord is familiar with the early standards, of those days when there were giants in English literature: her cast of thought and style of utterance show that she has studied them lovingly; and it is equally evident that the more ephemeral beauties of a later school have had little favor with her. She is wholly unlike any of her sisters of the lyre, and writes with a terseness,

vigor, earnestness, and masculine energy which show her to be altogether of a different order. With the exception of a small volume of poems and an Essay on Political Economy, she has published nothing before '*Caius Gracchus*.' The choice of this subject, the severe classic simplicity of the play, in plot and incident, and the author's disdain of the accompaniments which have opened the way of others to a brief popularity, will prevent its acquiring a sudden reputation; yet it evinces powers of a very high and uncommon order, and deserves special attention as a brilliant anomaly in our literature, significant perhaps of a change that will greatly elevate its character.

In some respects the author of '*Caius Gracchus*' resembles that poet of the wedlock of flame and iron, *ELLIOTT*: but the production of which we are continually reminded in her play, is *TAYLOR*'s '*Philip van Artevelde*.' We mean not to imply that it is the least of an imitation; there appears no evidence that *Mrs. McCord* has even read that splendid work: but hers has the same force and quaintness of expression; the same compression of much meaning into few words; the same infusion of sarcasm with pathos; the same powerful and comprehensive thought; and the same contempt of mere ornament, with a bold use of rhetorical figures, as it were from necessity of strong utterance. In the first, second, and third requisite to dramatic excellence—character—her claims cannot be denied: her personages are sketched with a sturdy strength of outline, and stand forth in perfect individuality; the interest depending on the exhibition of character more than upon any artistic grouping of incidents. In this point, and in the neglect of adventitious aids, the work also bears a likeness to the poem above referred to, commending itself, like that, to the appreciation of the discriminating few, rather than the applause of many readers.

The story of *Caius Gracchus* is so well known that it is unnecessary to occupy space with an analysis of the tragedy. It has furnished a subject to the Italian poet *MONTI* for the finest of his dramatic creations, which is, however, inferior as a whole to this of our country-woman. The eloquent appeals of *Gracchus* to the people, the Senate, and his followers; the rivalry and rancor of *Oppidius*; the plans and passions of their several adherents; and the noble love and heroism of *Cornelia*, are highly dramatic materials, capable of being wrought up with intense effect. To show how skilfully they are handled by *Mrs. McCord*, would be to transcribe the play. The address of *Gracchus* to the citizens of Rome, in scene sixth of the second act, is a masterly specimen of fiery eloquence, in its magnificent climax swaying the multitude like a reed, but its length precludes its insertion. The whole of scene fourth of the fifth act, descriptive of strife and slaughter, and the scene of *Gracchus*' death, are among the finest specimens of dramatic poetry within our recollection: but want of space excludes extracts. But partial justice, however, could be done the piece by extracts, had we the ability to give them. The versification is remarkably correct and melodious, and the frequent use of uncommon words, yet appropriate and expressive, gives quaintness and piquancy to the diction. Throughout is evident the writer's partiality to old models in English verse. Among the prominent characters, that of *Licinia*, the youthful wife of *Gracchus*, is exquisitely portrayed, and appears in a touching and beautiful light beside the noble matron, *Cornelia*. The covetous, treacherous *Septimuleius* is also well drawn.

The author's resistance of the temptation to invest her tragedy with the attractions of the romantic school, and strict preservation of the classic spirit and costume, constitute one of its prominent merits. Her acquaintance with the

poets of Greece and Rome in their own languages has enabled her to impart to it a purely classic tone, which no unlearned writer could have given. We know of no modern English tragedy, except 'Iox,' which has so much of this.

On the whole, we regard 'CAIUS GRACCHUS' as a production not only remarkable as marking the commencement of a new era in our literature, indicating a returning of taste to the old and admirable standards which held popular affection before 'the torch-light put out the star-light,' but as evincing powers surpassed by none of our female writers, and which, in future works, will command an enviable fame. Though, if she write nothing else, 'CAIUS GRACCHUS' is enough to enroll her name among those of whom the country will be proud.

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. By DONALD MACLEOD. In one volume: pp. 298. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

LOCKHART'S Life of SCOTT, undeniably excellent and replete with interest as it is, is yet too extended to have secured general perusal. Mr. MACLEOD's moderately-sized volume comes opportunely, therefore, to supply an important desideratum. Without omitting any facts that belong to the history proper of the great Scottish author, or incidents that chequered his early and later career, the writer has nevertheless compressed the whole into a compass which, although comparatively small, is still so comprehensive as to leave nothing to be desired. His volume is truly what it purports to be, a true biography of Sir WALTER SCOTT, made up from ALLAN'S Life, WASHINGTON IRVING'S 'Sketches of Abbotsford,' and LOCKHART'S diffusive volumes, already alluded to. What will at once win the reader's regard is the loving manner in which Mr. MACLEOD commences, continues, and completes the biography of his illustrious countryman. His task is unmistakably performed *con amore*. He has omitted all criticism; wisely, we think, since, as he well observes, 'the WORLD is now SCOTT'S judge,' and criticism would be adscititious. What the writer claims in his preface he has faithfully performed. He has written a history of the man and the author's life faithfully and lovingly. 'SCOTT was so true a man,' says our author, 'so earnest, full of frankness, beauty, and reverence; loving his GOD and his KING; loving the heaths, and firs, and rude mountains of his wild Scotland; loving kith and kindred like a true clansman; his dependents like a benevolent superior; his dogs and horses like an unequalled master! Merely to tell how such an one lived, loved, enjoyed, sorrowed, labored, struggled, and died bravely, is not this better than to analyze the 'Heart of Mid Lothian' or 'Waverley'! To which query we for one do not hesitate at once to reply in the affirmative.

It was our intention to have accompanied the present notice, brief and inadequate as it is, with a few extracts which we had indicated as we read the volume *through* at a sitting, with pencil in hand; but for reasons elsewhere mentioned, this is impossible. We can but commend the work to our readers as one of unflagging interest, from the beginning to the end; written in language simple but often exceedingly picturesque, and always in keeping with the particular theme in hand. Beside the fact that the work in its externals is well put before the public, we should add, that it is arranged in the order of the consecutive periods in the progress of its illustrious subject, which careful method makes a reference to any portion of its interesting contents a matter of convenience as rare as it is praiseworthy.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'ANOTHER LETTER FROM 'UP-RIVER' will be as pleasant an announcement to our readers as the familiar manuscript of the writer was to us. Of *these* matters, especially, we wish all our prose-correspondents to 'make a note:' the simplicity, naturalness, the easy colloquial and colloquial character of the *style* of this correspondence. It is not 'writing;' it is thinking and talking upon paper precisely as the writer would think and talk in the presence of a friend, with none other to hear or see.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'Up the River, November, 1852.

'THE last vestiges of summer are gone with the departing year. The garden-gate is closed; the rusty scythe is hung up; the cider-mills now creak and groan, while the few remaining apples on the trees have their cheeks frost-bitten. The threshing-floors are the scene of much riot and racket. The flails glance in the air, flung aloft by dexterous arms: the fanning-mills are in perpetual motion; and the old horse is condemned to his annual punishment of the treadmill. It is painful to see him monotonously stepping on an inclined plane by the hour together, weeping out perhaps his remaining eye, and while winnowing out the grain for others, rapidly getting himself in condition to be turned out to die. I have some respect for the Yankee who invented the churning-machine to go by dog-power, but none whatever for the WHITNEY-like ingenuity which contrived this torture for the noble horse. Yes: he will soon be turned out to die, like that raw-boned animal which I saw the other day on the turnpike. He had been a farmer's horse, and for many seasons had ploughed the fields, and did his share of arduous duty. He had earned the hay and oats and comfortable stable which should have been his reward in old age. But his master had not mercy enough to cut his throat, although he could have got the money for his skin; and now he wanders about starving, and will be, until the town's people remove his carcass from the road, a stalking monument of base ingratitude.

'The other day, while reading a book, I heard a sound on the highway like the tramping of a company of dragoons. On looking out, lo! the whole road for the distance of a quarter of a mile was literally crowded with jack-asses, with their ample ears, and tails knobbed like a lion's, following a single horseman, who rode solemnly in advance. Their approach was productive of great excitement among the horses grazing in the fields, who galloped up and down along the fence, neighing prodigiously. I asked the conductor: 'How many asses have you?' He replied, 'A hundred and twenty-five.' 'Where do you take them?' 'To NEW-HAVEN!' The next day another troop as large passed by, and on the next another—all going to New-Haven. They are not, however, sent there to be put to college, but are thence shipped to the West Indies. The exportation

of asses from the country is immense; yet the race does not appear materially diminished. The trade has long been carried on at New-Haven, and there is perhaps no place where there is so much erudition, and at the same time so many long ears.

'Ever since the frosty rime appeared, and the air has become sharp, your ears are stunned at the break of day by long-continued and most agonized squealings. They come from all parts of the compass. The tender pigling, the bristling, obese grunter, turns his white, bleared eye, now suffused with flame, for the last time with a tender reminiscence to the vacated pen, to the soft, wallowing sty. Visions of potato-parings, refuse, and sweet nubbins, straw-laid bed, and ring-tailed darlings, mingle with an instinctive presentiment of the whetted knife. Piggy does not march to his execution with the silent, dogged resignation of a condemned criminal, but invariably with a resistance of the strong police, and immense lamentations. As he always went contrary when driven, from the time of the ringing of his rooting snout, he now uses his vast muscular energy to take his own part, and issues a squealing protest against being killed. He resists with all his might, as he is dragged, pulled, and pushed along to slaughter. But Piggy should reflect that he is not the only animal who must eat. His destiny is compound: TO EAT AND TO BE EATEN. The first part he has fulfilled, according to his nature. For the latter he is not responsible. You will now see him divested of his bristles, washed as white as snow in a scald-bath, and strung up by the heels, with his jaws stretched apart by a dry corn-cob. The next morning, frozen as hard as a rock, he will be stored with other produce in a wagon, with his hoofs sticking out from beneath a blanket, while the countryman, his head crouched on his shoulder to protect him from the north-east wind or a driving snow-storm, slowly wends his way to market. His final sepulchre is the human stomach. He whose habitation was so lately a pig-sty, and his foot in the trough, whose aspect was most beastly, most hideous, will soon become a part of 'fine lords and fine ladies,' and no doubt enter—I say it without disrespect—into the grand mausoleum of the President of the United States. Behold that Senator expound the Constitution! Behold that Judge upon the bench! For some part of his composition he is indebted to the sty.

'So much for the transmigration of bodies, of which there can be no doubt, and the flesh of pig becomes beatified in transparent corporation. It resides in the vigor of the manly arm; it is in the purple blush of youthful beauty; it is in plumpness, and flowing lines, and tender lineaments, going before a creasy age, when the stomach abjures fat. When, during the past summer, it was my amusement to hasten to the sty, at the emptying of the desiderated sloppail; when I listened to those porcine grunts, and was a witness of that beastly emulation to obtain the tid-bits of the leavings, and the choicest of the peels; when I turned away from the ill-smelling mud, and reflected seriously how much is conveyed in the very name of *hog*, I can scarcely realize the transfusion of such grossness to so much delicacy and delight. Each household is now enlivened with preparation for a 'feast of fat things.' The kitchen is a scene of continual festivity: every tub is in requisition; the empty larder is replenished; the lean poor wax fat. What a hissing and what a frying! What an unctuous smell! What an herbal fragrance! The cloven feet are turned to bowls of transparent, palpitating jelly. And souse! souse! Souse is a gelatinous, emollient, dainty morsel. Spare-ribs are as delicate as delicate can be! Steaks! Cook them in a devil-dish, with a little currant-jelly and sauces, after the Doc-

ron's fashion, and they are beyond all praise. But when I come to speak of crackling! — 'fat, call it not fat' — O CHARLES, CHARLES! I yield the palm to thee! That pen of thine could add a charm to every subject, and like the winter-time bedeck with greenest sprigs and fragrant parsley the very front of pig!

'Again, the little ruddy chunk, with its alternate layers of lean and fat, suited alike for JACOB SPRAT or for his excellent wife, whose tastes were diverse, used in my kind father's family to be served up at judicious intervals, in a dish called sour-cROUT. This dish we reverence for the sake of our Dutch ancestors; and although the cabbage at a certain stage has volitant principles which, beginning at the kitchen, walk without ceremony into the parlor, and stop not short of the cock-loft and rafters — a sort of spiritual cat — yet it has to the initiated a fierce relish, which can scarcely be described. The St. NICHOLAS Society will bear me out in what I say. But if there be any relish of life for which we are indebted to Piggy, it is sausage; and sausage, we have been always taught, to be relished, must be eaten at home. I remember, when a boy, the particularity of my old grandmother in the preparation of sausage. What cleanliness was required! How adequately the powdered sage and other herbs were mingled in its composition! And when it came upon the table, with buckwheat cakes, buttered and cut into four quarters on a hot, full-sized plate, upon my word, if the coffee were well composed, no breakfast could be more complete. But to hear me talk in this way, you might take me for a sensual epicure, instead of being, as I am, a man who can live upon a dry crust, and except at few-and-far-between intervals of hilarious health, cares not what he eats, so long as it be well served and clean:

'I CANNOT eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good.'

Perhaps Mrs. HALE's immortal cookery-book gives the best receipt for sausage. Having said thus much for Piggy, I have only done it to show how admirably every part of creation fulfils its destiny, and contributes to its proper end. But I must turn the tables, by revealing a little of my own proper sentiment. Pork I like, but it must be in homœopathic proportion. Last winter I lived on the sea-shore, and at 'killing-time,' some body sent me a chunk of aromatic head-cheese. Sitting up late at night before a good fire, and writing as I am now in the 'small hours,' an inclination came over me to partake of supper. I threw upon the coals a half-dozen fine oysters, and when they were roasted nearly to a crisp, partook of them with a little good bread-and-butter. Afterward, to do justice to my friend's gift, I put into my mouth a small piece of head-cheese! I never was more convinced of the grossness of fat. Upon my word, no Israelite ever loathed a morsel of the unclean animal more heartily than I did that bit of head-cheese. It sickened me on the spot.

'But all people cannot attain to shell-fish. When I went a-trouting in Vermont, WILLIAM MALLORY, by profession a fisherman, as we sat down to take our dinner on the turf, after a successful day's sport, used to tilt his bottle of raw whiskey to his lips, and then cut off a chunk of fat pork. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'there is nothing that so sets onto the stomach.' 'Yes,' said I, 'this way of taking a dinner is pleasant.' 'Oh,' said he, 'that isn't all of it. It's *natur*.' But before I get through, or have shown for how much enjoyment we are indebted to the sty, I must make you realize what has often passed before my own eyes. There is a play-ground, and a hundred boys are kicking at a foot-ball. Now it flies high in air, and into the next field. They all tumble over the rails, fol-

lowing each other like a flock of sheep. Now they have it in a corner, and what a stubbing, and a-kicking, accompanied by the cry of 'shinnee! shinnee!' and at last they set it out, and with youthful cheeks flushed with health and exercise, with a succession of well-aimed kicks, they drive it home to the goal. Now if Piggy had not squealed with agony in the morning, this game could not have come off toward eve.

F. W. S.

'THE CENTURY PAPERS.'—We regret that of the interesting articles thus entitled, which have been placed in our hands for insertion, we can only find space for the following in the present number. The lines which ensue, from the facile hand that sketched the 'Babylonish Ditty' and drew the forceful picture of the 'Battle of Bunker-Hill,' need not our poor blazon to commend them to the admiration of our readers:

H E T A B E L .

'THERE's a deep pond hid in yon piney cover,
That's garlanded with rose-blooms wild and sweet,
Enwreathed with pensile willows hanging over
Green, bowery nooks, and many a soft retreat,
Where HETABEL and I did often meet.

'There the brown throistle sings, there skims the swallow;
There the blue-budded ash its foliage weaves
From deep-struck roots, broidered with sedge and mallow:
Fair lies the pool, beneath its ridgy eaves,
Blotted with waxen pods and ornate leaves.

'There workless rests the mill, each mouldering shingle
Lets through the sun-threads on the knotted floor;
There, where the village hinds were wont to mingle,
Tall weeds up-spring; and in the cobwebbed door
One sees plain written, 'They shall come no more!'

'There the white cottage stands! shadowed and sullen,
Its ruined porch with fruitless vines o'erclung;
In beds and pebbled paths the vagrant mullein
Tops the rank briars where once musk-roses sprung,
Heart's-ease, and slender spires with blue-bells hung.

'There in that solitude, deserted, lonely,
Closed in a little Eden of our own,
Unvisited, save by the wood-birds; only
Ourselves, (sweet HETABEL and I,) alone,
Our very trysting-place unsought, unknown,

'Wandered, sometimes beneath the pine's dark shadow,
Sometimes at evening, when the mill's thick flume
Trembled in silver, and the distant meadow
Was half snow-white, half hid in sunken gloom,
Even as our own lives, half joy, half doom.

Half joy, half doom! the blissful years are faded,
And the dark, shadowed half is left to me:
By grief, not time, my scattered hairs are braided
With silver threads. And HETABEL? Ah, she
Sleeps by her babe beneath the cypress-tree!

THE readers of the KNICKERBOCKER will recognize in the subjoined tribute to the genius of our great landscape-painter, DURAND, that simply just praise which his genius has commanded, and which has been often rendered in these pages. In a subsequent number, kindred justice will be rendered to other of our landscape-painters, whose increasing reputation is honorable not only to their genius but to the onward progress of American art:

'THERE is no branch of the fine arts that has produced so many eminent and successful men in the United States as that of landscape-painting. It is not our purpose to present an essay on

landscape-painting. We desire only to point out some of the characteristics of our leading landscape-painters, and to attempt to do justice to a few of those by whose genius and labor so much has been accomplished, and of whom we have so many reasons to be proud.

Landscape-painting has acquired in our country a dignity and character from the works of its professors, which cannot be claimed for any other branch of the fine arts; and the reasons for this are obvious. The great variety of character peculiar to American scenery offers points of adaptation to the taste and feeling of every true nature-loving artist; and whether he be most influenced by the rural and the cultivated,

— 'sweet interchange
Of hill and valley, river, wood, or plain;'

or by the grand and solitary, he may find ample field for the exercise of his powers and the cultivation of his genius. There is also a higher appreciation by our people of those forms of nature with which they are familiar.

'There can be no doubt that there is a more genuine and sincere admiration of landscape-painting in our country than for any other; and it is because it is more easily understood by even the most common minds. Hence we find upon our walls a greater preponderance of landscapes. Bad or indifferent the most of them may be, but they indicate the general taste and preference for this form of art. We allude here more particularly to those whose tastes have been left to their own honest impulses and inclinations, which have never been twisted and turned awry by intercourse and communion with an affected and effeminate class known as the '*dilettanti*.' We do not mean those who have been tainted by a tour abroad, or returned from travel, not only imbued with a 'love of the old masters,' but accompanied by huge boxes full of '*originals*,' and which they will not believe to be trash, because they paid high prices for them at Florence or Rome. We have some faith in the judgment and taste of the intelligent classes — albeit their journeys have not been far from home — who enjoy nature when in the midst of its beauties or its grandeur, and who feel the impression of good and truthful pictures with an honest and high appreciation of their real and substantial merits. We have many such among us. Hence, the American landscape-painter appeals to more hearts, and finds ready communion with more souls, than any other laborer in art.

'We have alluded to the *natural* inducements, all tending to the growth and elevation of this branch of painting, in the variety of character which belongs to our natural scenery. What country possesses greater? Switzerland, with its lofty and splintered mountain-crags, and its narrow, pretty valleys that nestle so quietly at their feet, may possess more picturesqueness than belongs in general to our own scenery; but we have enough to awaken the painter's highest enthusiasm among our own mountains, in our valleys, and along the margin of our romantic and beautiful streams, that spread fertility and freshness in their murmuring progress through so many silent places. The scenery of every country has its own characteristics. Ours is all our own; and we have not far to go from our homes to find all that is grand, and glorious, and beautiful in nature, to invite the study and the contemplation of our artists. To quote the beautiful language of BRYANT:

— 'THOU hast not left
'Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of THY perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of THEE This mighty oak,
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated, not a prince
In all that proud old world beyond the deep
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
THY hand has graced him Nestled at his root
Is beauty such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun.'

There is no deficiency of the *matériel* here: on the contrary, the variety is infinite; and whether the artist most affects the grand, the solitary, or the rural, the cultivated and the quiet, he will find an abundant field for his pencil, and ample scope for his genius.

'Our purpose is rather to offer some observations upon the several *characteristics* of our landscape-artists, than to discuss the general subject of landscape-painting. We do not propose to offer any extended criticism of their works, but to attempt to do justice to the claims of each upon his admiration and gratitude of their country for what they have already done.

'We cannot go far astray, or offend the general judgment of the community, by placing the name of DURAND at the head of our landscape-painters. Any one who remembers the eloquent and touching speech, unpremeditated as it was, in which he answered the enthusiastic greetings of his name at the opening of the National Academy, cannot but feel that in him NATURE may claim one of its most modest, truthful, and inspired worshippers; and the very earnestness and unanimity of the applause of his auditory proved how strong a hold he has upon their affections and regard.

'We confess to an affectionate fondness for the man and for his paintings. The latter seem to

us to be almost a literal transcript of his own individuality: so deeply pervading; so full of that delicate and truthful perception of the quiet and the beauty of nature; so much of its sentiment and feeling. There is nothing puerile, or insincere, or affected, in what he does. It is the devout homage and offering of his soul to the divinity before whose altar, and within whose great temple, he worships. No one can look upon his pictures without sympathizing with him in all that he feels, and all that he depicts in the beautiful aspects and harmonies of nature. We would not be understood as asserting that his paintings are wholly devoid of faults. Those who look with the critic's keen scrutiny upon his works sometimes complain, perhaps not without some reason, that his timidity prevents him from doing justice to himself; that his fore-grounds lack strength and boldness; and that his shadows are not deep enough, or vigorous enough, to bring out the nearer objects with energetic and effective force. For aught we know, these criticisms may be correct: we certainly have no inclination to contradict them. The natural temper and disposition of the man forbids him from bold or rash experiments. He interprets Nature as he sees her; and while he advances with all humility toward her shrine, he sacrifices no truth to clap-trap or exaggeration. In color, the works of Mr. DURAND generally possess fine and harmonious points. The foliage of his trees is charmingly painted, and full of the life of truth. We feel that we could repose beneath their shadows, or climb into their branches. His summer skies are full of beauty, soft and balmy, and spread their golden hues over hill-top and mountain, fair field and glittering spire, as if emulating Nature in its glorious and wondrous power. Whoever has examined his studies, taken in the open air and amid the sun-light and shadows of Nature, cannot fail to remark the truthfulness and beauty of their detail. In these he shows himself her faithful disciple, and her close-observing, patient student; but the real greatness of the man as an artist consists in his greatness as a poet. His compositions, while faithful to the truth of detail, combine a beautiful *sentiment*, which is felt by the observer; and it is in this in which his true greatness consists. A more close delineation of nature no more makes a great painter than it does a great poet. What distinguishes BRYANT from all other American poets, is not the correctness and perfection of his descriptions in detail; the daguerreotype-minutiae of the tangled wood, the mossy bank, the murmuring brook, the mixed, confused, and intermingled intricacies of the forest solitude. These may all be presented to the mind with the master skill of the poet, and yet be deficient in that which gives to poetry its vital power of touching the human heart and arousing its sympathies. BRYANT, in the true spirit of a poet, imbues his descriptions of nature with a human sentiment and feeling, and therefore appeals, and never in vain, to the thoughtful and contemplative soul. In this power DURAND is eminent above all his contemporaries. Take his landscapes, those we mean that are the offspring of his own nature, which he has painted in a real spirit of love; those that convey his own character, if we may so speak, and which he has created in the midst of the tranquil quiet of his studio; and we shall find in these a deep and a pervading *sentiment*, which appeals directly to the heart. This, then, is his prevailing characteristic—the symbol of his power.

Does any one remember his picture exhibited some few years since, 'The Close of a Sultry Day?' The sky seems to be surcharged with the heat of a long and oppressive summer-day. Nature, animate and inanimate, droops beneath the languor of the lifeless atmosphere. The pendent boughs are still. The wearied and enervated herds seek the cool brook:

'Some ruminating lie, while others stand
Half in the flood and, often bending, sip
The circling surface.'

No refreshing breeze animates the hot air with motion. The atmosphere, penetrated with the full glare and blaze of the all-conquering heat, hangs like a curtain of fire over the face of nature. Every object seems to indicate the oppression by which it is subdued. Even the spectator participates in, and sympathizes with, the truth of this most extraordinary picture. We do not speak of, nor do we intend to criticise, its merits in detail. What the artist intended to convey he has succeeded in conveying with a masterly skill. The observer feels its truth, and acknowledges the creative power of the painter. Let us here recall the recollection of another of DURAND's finest pictures, now in the possession of Mr. COZZENS, late President of the Art-Union. The study of trees is very fine, and the sun-light and shadows that dapple the interior of the wood are of great effect and beauty. We might have enumerated others of his works, all presenting some new beauty worthy of admiration; but we have been content to speak of the characteristics of Mr. DURAND's paintings, leaving to the critic the task of defining his faults.

Whatever praise may be accorded to the works of this artist, we are convinced that no higher tribute to his genius could be offered than to say, that it is his peculiar privilege and power to inspire us with a deeper and a more earnest love of nature. No man can study his works without leaving them both better and wiser than he was before. The impressions they make have an elevating influence upon the mind, and lift it above the sordid materialism that engrosses too much

of our time and faculties. His contributions to his country, while they add to its intellectual and moral wealth, have secured to himself a name and a fame that will not soon pass away. No artist among us has devoted himself with more earnestness and patient thought to his profession; and he has learned 'to look on Nature, not as in the hour of thoughtless youth,' but as the devout worshipper, whose mission it is to teach and to interpret: and who, imbued with the inspiration of his calling, reveals to those around him the joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky.'

A NEW LITERARY LIGHT IN THE HORIZON.—'The Quog Ladies' Littery Gem,' mentioned in our last, has not yet appeared. To accompany the 'Prospectus,' however, as a 'speciment,' we have received a 'Pome' of a most affecting nature. Both prospectus and 'pome' (de terre) ensue:

'Our objik is simple. It is to purvide for the human mind the fruits which suits its tender age. The improveminks of society in its degenerate stage is that which is most important in our bosoms. Of such was JOHNSON, and Mrs. HEMANS, and SHAKSPEARE. No immodest word nor purfane onfs shall be seen into our isssoos. We trust that our isssoos will be pure. We have no jealousy ag'inst other Ladies' Magazines; we do not want to be considered as doin' anythink ag'in' other Ladies' Magazines, but we can and must say this, in self-defence: 'our isssoos will be pure.' Our editor is a corpse of littery ladies and gentlemen, which is well known into this community as some of the brilliantest talons which 'endure amid the unutterable solemnities of our free-born forests.' (SHAKSPEARE.) Our magazine will be conducted in a similar spirit. Vulgar persings must be fur from us: for our corpse is not the kind they take us for.

'The sebliterated Capt. CONKLIN NEPPINS, Esquire, is employed into this good work: and a numerous corpse of contributions, of distinguished littery talons, is engaged. We persoom that the contents contained in our first isssoo will be gratifyink to the publik, which is as follers:

ADDRESS of the EDITER of THE QUOG LADIES' LITTERY GEM. By CONKLIN NEPPINS, Esquire.
ONE TO THE OCEAN. By C. N.
THE LOSS of 'THE BARBER.' By M. SALLY DAVIS.
SKUNK'S MISERY: WOMAN'S RIGHTS' CONVENTION. Reported by Mr. CONKLIN NEPPINS.
THE FISHERIES and LOBOS QUESTION. By CAPTAIN C. NEPPINS.
POME. By CONKLIN N ——.
LINES. By C ——.
SKETCH. By N ——.
PERLENA: an Eycetalian Tale. By CONKLINIO NEPPINSIO.
STANZAS. By the Quog BARD.
Editors' Table. By CONKLIN NEPPINS.

'Prior to comink out with our work, we wish the publik to see what we are a-goin' to do in the way of pote'ry, that refined and beautiful glory of our globéd airth, and spacious firmament on high, with all the blue inferior sky. 'The Loss of the Barber, and the Preservation of Life,' compoged by the Capting's wife, Mrs. M. SALLY DAVIS, speaks an 'our-true-tail' of the wreck of a Quog vessel that was lctst in going from our beloved island over to the Connecticut shore:

'T WAS on the twenty-sixth of August, my story I shall note,
I went on board the Barber to make a visit at Bridgeport;
But the wind dying out, and it being such a calm,
They cast the anchors over and lay close under land.

'The cabin being hot, to the quarter-deck I did retire,
My husband took the anchor-watch and we stayed together there;
I heard three claps of thunder and the lightning did appear,
I spoke unto my husband, and he says, oh do not fear.

'My husband spoke again, and these words he did repeat,
I think the cause of the lightning is on account of the heat;
He says, that we will lay here until the break of day,
Then we will hist our sails and get under way.

'At half-past eleven the wind it blew a gale,
And then it was no use, for we could not set sail;
I went into the cabin to get out of the way,
And there I was so sea-sick that I could not stay.

'SEREPTY HULSE was on board, but not much did she say,
But once she made me this reply, 'I have fainted almost away.'
I went upon the deck for to get some revived,
And there I saw the danger of losing all our lives.

'T was then I did for mercy, for mercy did implore,
That the LORD with his Almighty arm might land us safe on shore.
Then LEWIS spoke to DAVID, as he did cross the deck,
Throw over wood without delay, he did so loudly speak.

'So they threw over wood in the midst of the trial,
And I amongst the rest gave myself no denial:
I threw over wood, and heavy sticks too,
Which I'd not thought it possible for me to do.

'For water nor rain I neither did stop,
I threw over wood though it came like gun shot;
I went into the cabin for to take some rest,
Then into the windows the water did press!

'Then I told the girls as quick as I could think,
To hold the pillows to the windows, or else we should sink:
One said unto the other, as soon as it was day,
The vessel drags her anchor, and we cannot stay

'So they shifted the cable, and we had not gone far
Before the young Barber struck on the bar.
Then into the cabin they sent one of the men,
To tell us to come out, for the cabin was broke in.

'So we marched out and looked around,
We expected in the water we should all soon be drowned.
'T was then I took thought, and it came into my mind,
That I had but one son at home for to leave behind.

'That when he did hear of our doleful state,
To mourn and lament over our dismal fate.
Then DAVID said, I shall not put on the jib,
For fear she'll roll over, and that she won't live!

'Then LEWIS spoke, he spoke it once more,
'Put on all her jib and crowd her to the shore!
Then myself to DAVID did I make this reply,
'Put on all the jib, for mercy!' I did cry.

'For if that the vessel the shore do n't make,
You see that our lives do all lay at stake.
As we were going on the shore so early in the morn,
They put it upon me for to blow the horn.

'I blew the horn for an hour or more,
In hopes of some relief from some one on the shore.
When the vessel struck the shore, then gladly were we;
We all began to think that we great mercy see.

'We thought if all our lives we could all obtain,
The loss of our vessel we would not complain.
Then on the bowsprit shroud I did crawl,
And straightway into the boat I did fall.

'I'm in the boat!' I said, I hissed,
And around my feet the painter twisted,
Then LEWIS spoke, he spoke it once more,
'You must get up, or we can't help you on shore.'

'I fetched these words out at last,
'I can't get up, my foot is fast.'
Then LEWIS worked so rightly then,
For his poor mother to defend.

'He caught it, and he quickly took
The painter from around my foot.
Then I got up in the boat again,
But I was not eased of my pain.

' And every thing that looked so new,
I was landed safe on shore it's true;
The LORD he see fit that I should be landed
Safe on shore, and now my story's most ended.

' I can't tell you much more, but there is one thing I have to rehearse,
And I shall enclose in the latter of this verse:
The boat launched out, and it fetched all the rest —
And glory to JESUS, for he is to be blest!'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — On New-Year's day, one year ago, passed away from earth the spirit of FLORENCE, a lovely little girl, of whom her bereaved father thus tenderly writes: 'While millions of hearts are to be made joyous on the ushering in of the coming New-Year, how can it be otherwise than that many wounded spirits must welcome that day with thoughts of deepest sadness? We buried our little FLORENCE on last New-Year's day morning. It was in the South. The forest-trees were all decked in their long robes of black moss, as if in mourning that their deity were dead, and scarcely a single smile could be seen in all their grim faces. But in a few short weeks after, as if by magic, or a far higher Power, the miracle of the creation was again renewed, and the whole forest almost rang with the laughter of the young birds and buds and blossoms. Every thing was bright and beautiful, and all proclaimed the presence of the *living* God. And so was it with our dear FLORENCE: when she left us, the miracle of *her* creation was again renewed, and among the 'green pastures' of her angel-home she will nevermore meet with the blasting breath of winter, but in the never-ending sunshine of His glorious presence a perpetual Spring is hers; ever expanding in loveliness, and ever adding new beauties to her wreath of glory.' The following feeling lines were written upon the occasion by a friend of the parents of the departed:

' Like a day in solemn sweetness,
Sinking into softer light,
With its glory lingering after,
Faded FLORENCE from our sight,
Leaving traces of her spirit
Only pure and white.

' Gathered home the loving presence,
Making sunshine its employ,
DEATH, with blessing mutely uttered,
Shed a twilight on our joy,
Bearing home the fragile blossom
It could not destroy.

Earth with storm and wailing voices,
Garnering whirl-winds in the air,
Cannot touch the *living* FLORENCE,

Resting sweetly elsewhere:
Through your hearts she made a pathway
To the entrance *there*.

' Peace! the surges slowly ebbing,
Tell the storm within is o'er,
Like an ocean's distant murmur,
Dying on a silent shore:
Angel-hearted, *she* has started
On Life's 'Evermore!'

' 'Evermore!' shall be *her* present,
It is ours to work and win;
Standing in her midst of glory,
FLORENCE beckons, led by HIM,
Love divining: like her shining,
FAITH can enter in!

Before leaving this theme, let us present the following beautiful thoughts, this moment received in a letter from a friend and correspondent, whose admirable writings have been a thousand times welcomed by our readers: 'Though helpless and dependent, a little child has enough brightness in his eyes and gayety in his prattle to fill a household with joy. When he awakes first at the 'peep of day,' and imprints kisses on his parents' lips, their fragrance is sweeter than that of the morn. The music of his voice is like the song of birds at the approach of light; his smile more sunny than the first entrance of sun-beams into the room. His little arm-chair, on high stilts, is scrupulously placed when the fast is broken.

and he is no unimportant member at the family board. During the day, how pleasant the pattering of his feet on the stair-case, his voice in the court-yard, his frequent bursting into the room with some new tale! At night he kneels down, whitely clad, as before some holy altar, at his mother's knees, and his little prayer goes straight to heaven from a child's heart. 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast ordained praise.' Not unfrequent, when he sleeps, are the mother's pilgrimages to his couch, while under his long lashes and sealed-up lids the spirit of a cherub seems to dwell. But oh! if God, in His wise providence, should change that repose into the sleep of death, and the white flowers are placed upon his breast, in his little clasped hands, the tears which sparkle on his brow are bright, but perhaps the bitterest ever shed. Dear little C—— is dead! I remember the last time I saw him was on a beautiful evening in autumn. We all sat in the summer-house. The moon arose, and the stars twinkled, and were reflected in the waves which beat below the cliffs. The child looked up to the brightest star of all, and said:

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

His seemed like a prophetic voice. But a few moons have waned, and little C—— is now a star in heaven. Before he died he sang the very strains which had delighted him, and he now sleeps in peace near the river's brink, where in spring-time the flowers shall bloom above him which he so much loved, and where they will not cease to be watered by a parent's tears.' How many a bereaved heart will be touched by this! - - - Our correspondent 'M. W.' writes so pleasantly of a typographical error which occurred in '*A Tale of New-Orleans*,' in our last number, that we cannot resist the inclination to print a portion of his note: 'In one part of the tale in question the writer is made to say, it being so printed, that his heroine's *blue* eyes filled with tears.' After a few sentences, the same writer, speaking of the same lady, is found remarking, that 'she raised her great *black* eyes toward heaven.' Many farmers, who read slowly, and dig out words, one by one, as if they were digging potatoes, will stop here. The lawyers, generally, will disbelieve the whole story. Every body but the clergy and a few heedless young ladies will be sure they have caught me in the act of dealing in fiction, and describing a person who never existed; for there is nothing in the course of the narrative to show how the heroine's eyes became black and blue. If your printer had let me know that he was halting between black and blue, unable to decide which would look best in print, I would have compromised with him, by mixing the colors, and making the lady's eyes of a uniform gray. He is usually so accurate and tasteful in his vocation, that I would not mind leaving all these little mechanical details in his hands, and allowing him to fix the color of all eyes and hair which I have occasion to introduce in any narrative: provided he won't make them green, red, or yellow, and will keep them of the *same tint* throughout. What a quiet, unnoticed, but certain influence, the elegant printing of the KNICKERBOCKER exercises on the written thought and the reading mind! Sentences have a well-bred look and courtly presence, which gives them a weight not their own. A trite sentiment, so printed, looks new; and a common thought confronts you in such lettered pomp, as to impose on, and put you down. The upright type, with little gaps of white paper between, march with a kind of dignity, as if *they*, at all events, had no doubt they were conveying rare ideas; and the careful punctuation, the broad margins, the whole page,

has the same effect on written words that a fine delivery has on spoken ones. In fact, I am not inclined, after all, to blame your printer for those 'eyes:' since, my own being weak and failing, my manuscript is bad, and must often try his patience and yours. 'Speaking of printing,' let me congratulate you on the extraordinary beauty of the 'KNICK-KNACKS,' both within and without; by no means excepting the engravings and the designs thereof. There are not many such moon-lit skies as the sky in the picture of the old horse; nor do many such beams of light struggle through palings, over the short, crisp grass at the horse's feet; nor are there many such sunny interiors as the interior of the Sanctum. I mean there are not many such things to be found in books. The figures of the carpet on the floor of the sanctum actually lie down and stretch out, instead of standing up on end, as figures of the kind stand in many drawings. I have seen an allegorical picture in our Academy, by a teacher of drawing, in which not only the pattern of the carpet bristled up, but a table in the room, half-overturned, had a pack of cards glued to the top of it, so that not one of them would fall to the ground: the room itself was triangular; the master of the house stood on nothing, several feet above the floor, and other optical delusions took place. I sincerely hope your book may meet with all success. I would wish it a gale of prosperity, if that did not seem too tempestuous and violent an expression. I knew a worthy minister who, having heard of the 'breath of the SPIRIT,' and believing the phrase might be strengthened, on the same principle as a breath of wind, used to pray for a renewed 'gale of the SPIRIT.' Therefore, let me ask for your first book—'venture' a steady trade-wind, quick dispatch, a harbor among civilized people, and golden returns! For these kind wishes, and those of kindred friends, we return our heart-felt thanks. - - - 'TING-A-LING! — a-ling!' at the street-door bell. It's the postman. By-and-by comes little JOSE, into the sanctum: 'A letter from California! — a letter from KIRTY! KIRTY is married!' So we took the letter, and drew our chair to the fire, and began to read. (We had 'set her copies,' and taught her to write.) Before going to California, she had lived with us for seven years—coming to us directly from the ship that brought her to America: a kind, comely, virtuous, faithful, grateful creature she was: and one after another she sent for her brothers and sisters in Ireland, until at last all were here. The gold-mania of California alone won her from us—and she went away with 'many tears,' sending back to her brother, to be read in the sanctum, numerous letters, addressed to all her relations, often containing something beside mere protesting evidences of affection, and always minute remembrances to all the 'little people.' And now KIRTY, the 'good and faithful servant,' is married! — and married well and wisely, in one of the far-interior flourishing towns of far-off California! It makes us a little sad to think that the little 'KNICKS' she once so faithfully watched and tended—(we can almost hear her at this very moment singing a plaintive Irish air to them, rocking her chair to and fro the while, in the nursery above)—may be 'women grown, and men,' before she will see them again—perhaps she may *never* see them again, who think and speak so frequently of her! Well, 'May she find in children of her own, objects of as faithful care as she found in this distant region!' is the aspiration with which we close this irresistible reverie of the past and present. - - - 'THE author of the unpretending but beautiful verses which ensue,' writes an esteemed town-correspondent, 'is an instance of the varied and wonderful character which is to be found scattered hither and thither over our broad land; a song-writer not unknown to fame, for his productions are to be found in the classic selections

of ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and other of the best compilers. This gentleman has been many years a resident of Louisville, Kentucky, where I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance last summer. His name is HUGH AINSLIE. The following passage, which will serve to illustrate the subject of the 'May-Washing,' will readily be remembered by every reader, as occurring in the early part of the Scottish adventures of WAVERLEY:

'THE scene, though pleasing, was not quite equal to the gardens of Alcina; yet wanted not the *'due donzelle garrule'* of that enchanting paradise; for upon the green aforesaid two bare-legged damsels, each standing in a spacious tub, performed with their feet the office of a patent washing-machine. These did not, however, like the maidens of Armida, remain to greet with their harmony the approaching guest, but, alarmed at the appearance of a handsome stranger on the opposite side, dropped their garments (I should say garment, to be quite correct) over their limbs, which their occupation exposed somewhat too freely, and, with a shrill exclamation of 'Eh, Sirs!' uttered with an accent between modesty and coquetry, sprang off like deer in different directions.'

'In Ayrshire, and I believe in Scotland broad, a May-washing 'in days o' lang syne' came as regularly round as the month:

M A Y - W A S H I N G .

Azoutt the time the mavis¹ sings
His sweetest frae the brake,
And primroses around the springs
Their scented blooms awake:

Whan craiks are heard among the braird,²
An' bats get rife at e'en,
Aye that's the time, by burn an' swaird,³
To mak the linen clean.

The light had jimply brak aboon,⁴
The east began to clear,
Whan our gude wife was in her shoon,⁵
An' a' her maids asteer.⁶

They've ta'en the naipry⁷ braid an' wide,
The sarks,⁸ the sheets, an' a',
And they're awa' to yon burn-side,
To mak them like the sna.

An' brightly did that burnie play,
An' heartsome was its croon,
For saft the pleasant month o' May
Was slipping into June.

The gauzy mist begun to streak
Owre haugh an' howe sue fair,
An' mixing wi' the big pat reek,⁹
Loom'd up the caller air.

Our lassies then for boyne an' tub
Their coats began to breek;
Lads haud aback! for sic a sight
Has spoiled my rest a week.

Now jibe an' joke an' canty laugh
Rang loud owre banks an' braes,
As ankles like the barkit saugh¹⁰
Ged splashin' among the caes.

Aye glybe the wark goes fra the han'
Whan some delight's in view,
An' weel the lassies kent that e'en
Would sen' them joes enew.

Oh! for the jolly days o' youth,
Whan love swals frae the bud!
Life's lythe wind settled in the south,
The lift¹¹ without a clud!¹²

Seldom as July sees a frost
Your lover sees a fla',
But milk an' binny kindly mixt
Without a splash o' ga'.¹³

Wisdom that lies 'neath lyart locks
Anither saw might say;
But wha, wi' cauld December blasts,
Would scath the flowers o' May?

'The Retrospect' is another production of Mr. AINSLIE, distinguished for simplicity and pathos:

'As up fifty years I look,
As ye'd trace a restless brook,
Up glen and cataract,
Through some wild and desert tract,
With here and there between
Some spot of pleasant green;
Till in mead or flowery dell
Lay its native crystal well:
Thus my wand'ring ways I trace
To my spirit's starting-place,
When burn and grassy lea
Were world enough for me.
Each blossom on the wold
Was my silver and my gold,
The birch and mossy stone
My canopy, my throne!

'But the spirit who can still?

The spring will be a rill,
Let us dam it as we will;
And the din of busy men
Will reach the deepest glen.
A strange exciting noise,
Rousing boyhood from his toys—
Painting, glorious to behold!
Scenes of pleasure, heaps of gold.
Yet, I own it with a sigh,
The glitter took mine eye,
And with Hore, my wily guide,
Strange lands and plans I've tried,
Till I've seen each sunny height
Take the color of the night.
But 'the rolling land' is passed!
I have reached the shore at last;
Merging calmly to thy sea,
Dark, dumb ETERNITY!

¹ Black-bird. ² Sprouting grain. ³ Brook and sword. ⁴ Scarcely broken. ⁵ Shippers.
⁶ Astir. ⁷ Linen. ⁸ Shirts. ⁹ The smoke of the great wash-kettle. ¹⁰ Peeled willow.
¹¹ Horizon. ¹² Cloud. ¹³ Gall.

AN Indianapolis friend inquires: 'Can you tell me what gave rise to the phrase, 'the *Great Unwashed*'? Who was he, or they, or she? Is the 'Unwashed' dead—and if so, when did he die, and where?' In the absence of all information 'in the premises,' we throw the momentous query 'upon community.' - - - We know not when we have read a more thrilling paragraph than one in a recent city journal, giving a description of restoring a blind girl to sight, by a Dr. CADWELL, of Canada. She was twenty-one years of age, and totally blind from her birth; having not the slightest comprehension of any object, save from the sense of touch. 'To describe her sensations,' says the narrator, 'when the first welcome ray of light entered her hitherto sightless orbs, would be beyond our power. In an instant, as if by magic, the idea of material things which she had cherished for so many years, through the sense of feeling, were entombed in memory. A new and bright world, full of light and life, full of wonder and admiration, terrible, because hitherto unknown in its realized beauty and grandeur, arose before her. She looked and trembled; she shook from head to foot, like an aspen leaf; and unable to utter a word, she gazed in wild astonishment on the scene before her. When her emotion had somewhat subsided, Dr. CADWELL inquired if she saw him. 'Yes,' said she, 'I see you. Oh, how white you look!' Subsequently she noticed a pair of brass candle-sticks in the room, and inquired what they were. On being informed, she was incredulous. The ideas which she had formed of a candle-stick were far different from those which her new-born sight conveyed. The candle-sticks were brought to her; she handled them, and exclaimed, 'Oh, yes, they are candle-sticks; how bright they look!' Dr. CADWELL showed her his gold watch, and inquired if she knew what it was. She answered in the negative; and on being informed, she said, 'What a queer thing it is!—both sides of it are not alike.' It is most gratifying to be able to add, that from the first opening of her sealed vision, her sight has been constantly strengthening. - - - Our Binghamton friend ('H. R. B.') has certainly 'got us' handsomely. As thus: 'In your 'KNICK-KNACKS' I see the question, 'Can there be a rule without an exception?' Yes: the nasal organ is indispensable to a comely human countenance. 'How beautiful is the face of nature;' yet we look in vain for a nose!' Wrong there, KNICK: to wit: ANTHONY'S NOSE. I have seen it!' The 'argument' is a *non sequitur*: and we 'confess the soft impeachment.' - - - 'A SUBSCRIBER' in Pennsylvania sends us the following, for which he vouches: 'Some years since, business calling me to New-Orleans, I found myself one evening steaming it down the Mississippi. The night was raw and unpleasant; and not having much else to do, most of the passengers betook themselves to card-playing. The boat being much crowded, all the tables, etc., were soon seized upon; and although every thing available was finally pressed into the service, quite a number were obliged to wait for others to become tired. One party, however, I observed, who seemed determined to find a place *some where*. Their attention was at length attracted to the plethoric form of apparently a Methodist clergyman, who, extended upon several chairs, was peacefully slumbering. Quietly drawing up a stool on either side of him, they went to work. The game was single-handed euchre, and as the points were scored with chalk upon the sleeper's coat, it soon presented a curiously-variegated appearance. Notwithstanding the game was by no means quietly conducted, the old gentleman slept calmly on, until one of the players, becoming excited in some dispute which had arisen

about the game, and forgetting the vitality of the card-table, in adding emphasis to a proposition he was laying down, brought down his clenched fist with considerable force immediately upon the pit of the old gentleman's stomach. A rumbling cavernous sound followed, and the startled sleeper slowly assumed an upright position, violently struggling the while to recover the modicum of air so rudely expelled. Almost choking with laughter, I awaited the dénouement of the scene. Slowly surveying first one player and then the other, and then carefully scrutinizing his hieroglyphically-adorned coat, he at length very coolly said, much to the disappointment of us all, who were waiting for some violent outbreak: 'Gentlemen, if you have got through with *this* coat, I have another under it that is perfectly at your disposal. Be so kind, however, as to be a little careful of your *'gestures!'* - - - 'I HAVE been reading in the 'KNICK-KNACKS,' writes an Andover (Mass.) correspondent, 'your *'Gossip About Children.'* You doubtless remember the weather-cock story told by WORDSWORTH, and I think almost any one can recall some scene in which he has been obliged to lie, by his parents or other friends. I have in my own case a most striking illustration of this. I was once tied to a bed-post until I should tell father that I had heard him say something I had never heard him utter. To obtain my release *I did*, and at the same time told mother that it was a lie. But the effects of that lie did not pass away soon; for my sense of justice was injured, and although mythology does not mention it, I feel certain that *ASTREA*, ere she left the earth, was harbored by a little child.' - - - Some two miles up the river from St. Johnsbury, Vermont, is a primitive sort of a little village called 'The Centre.' Here, not long since, the rustic youth of the vicinity congregated for a 'dance,' 'and dance they did,' said our informant, 'with an unction unknown to your city belles and beaux.' One interesting young man, having 'imbibed' rather too freely, became 'fatigued' in the course of the evening, and wisely concluded to 'retire' for a short rest. A door ajar near the dancing-hall revealed, invitingly, a glimpse of a comfortable bed, of which he took possession with a prospect of an undisturbed 'snooze.' It so happened, howbeit, that this was the ladies' withdrawing-room, and no sooner had he closed his eyes, than a pair of blooming damsels came in from the hall, and began adjusting their disordered ringlets, the dim light of the tallow-candle not disclosing the tenant of the bed. The girls had tongues (like most of their 'seek') which ran on in this wise: 'What a nice 'dance' we're having! Have you heard any body say any thing about me, JANE?' 'La, yes, SALLY! JIM BROWN says he never see you look so handsome as you do to-night. Have you heard any body say any thing about me?' 'About *you!* why, sartin: I heard JOE FLINT tell SAM JONES that you was the prettiest-dressed girl in the room.' Whereupon the dear things chuckled, 'fixed up' a little more, and made off toward the ball-room. They had hardly reached the door when our half-conscious friend raised himself upon his elbow, and quite intelligibly, though slowly, inquired: 'Ha' you *heard ary borry say any thing about Me, girls?*' 'Phansy their phaelinks' at that juncture! They fled with an explosive scream. - - - 'STYLE,' says the learned LINKUM FIDELIUS, 'is style.' The fact is illustrated in the following florid extract from a country journal which shall be nameless:

'FROST. — On last Sunday night there was a *large* white frost, which not only left its sign upon the house-tops and fences, but the beautiful shrubs, aye, even the tall and stately oak of the forest, plainly indicates that their day of beauty and grandeur is closed, at least for a season. And as we gaze upon the once beautiful and lovely rose, which, but a few mornings ago, as the *Lark* sent forth his shrill notes of joy, raised its tender bud and kissed the golden rays of the *oriental sun*, and see each lovely leaf withering into nothingness, we are led to believe and exclaim, *Sic trans*

sit gloria mundi! Yes, gentle reader, but yesterday we beheld *you*, as it were, in the full prime of manhood; bold, vigorous, and resolute, unlike the gentle flower, the cold and writhing winds of adversity had not access to your heart. Old age had wrought no furrows on thy placid and manly brow; *no silvery locks decorated thy animated visage*, but all was life and conviviality! But oh! remember that you too must pass away. And ere the close of 1853, perhaps the autumn of your life may have come, and the cold and chilling frost of death may *nip your tender bud!*'

This editor may improve: in fact, he cannot avoid it. The next move he makes *must* be *up*. - - - THE new volume of the '*Home Journal*' commences under new auspices, and with a greatly enlarged circulation. A new supply of Pencillings from the pen of WILLIS; new Songs and Ballads by MORRIS; a new Novel; an additional Department for the Ladies; and enlarged accounts of Lectures, Schemes of Benevolence, etc., are among the novelties announced. We invoke for our old friend MORRIS the patronage which he labors so well to deserve. His journal is well printed. - - - THE following, we are assured upon undoubted authority, is a veritable prayer, made by a student of the Lane Theological Seminary, when called upon to close a 'monthly concert,' as it is called. He arose and effectually 'closed' it thus: 'O LORD, we thank THEE that though we cannot read the BIBLE in the original tongues, yet we have a translation which is as good as could be expected, under the circumstances. And we also thank THEE, that though THOU hast made the world very large, and hast stationed missionaries all over it, and hast made it revolve with very great velocity, yet THOU hast so caused the centripetal force to overcome the centrifugal, that they don't fly off!' - - - THACKERAY, in his admirable lectures, quite carried the town with him; and our friends in Boston have a rich treat in reserve for them. His manner is unconstrained and natural; his voice silvery and clear; and his pronunciation faultless. In private, his manners and conversation are eminently winning and agreeable. - - - An odd old fellow thus describes, by two styles of definition, the thing known as '*Transcendentalism*:' 'Ye see, I have tew definitions—one vulgar and t'other refined. The refined definition is this, and I've gin it afore: Transcendentalism is an attempt to penetrate the Unknown; to measure, and sound, and define that which has neither depth, nor size, nor form; to analyze the soul, and to make its relations to another world a part of the universal chaos which covers every thing. My vulgar definition is this: Transcendentalism is an attempt by philosophers to measure the ALMIGHTY in a quart-pot!' - - - In a certain sea-port town, in the State of Maine, not the farthest removed from the British line, resides, or did reside five years since, Deacon B—. The Deacon's son 'JIM' had a hankering after the salt water, but could never persuade the 'old folks' to sanction his making the long voyage. At length, after many months of fruitless pleading, 'JIM' *did* succeed, and the old gentleman fitted him out. A few days after his departure, a neighbor met the Deacon, and the following conversation ensued: 'Well, Deacon, so JIM's off at last?' 'Yes, yes, I see it wa'n't no use; he was bent on going; so I thought he'd best go, and be done with it.' 'I guess you did about right, Deacon; JIMMY will come out straight yet, I reckon.' 'I reckon so too; he's smart, JIM is, and has got a first-rate ship, and a first-rate skipper. You see, fact is, Captain BROWN understands the hull thing, and he has promised to show JIM how to keep the reckoning, and how to take *lunars*, and I expect afore the first voyage is up, JIM will be a perfect *lunatic*!' - - - WHAT is the *real* name of the writer whose *nom-de-plume* is 'BON GAULTIER'? A correspondent wants to know, and we can't tell him, just at this moment, although we have heard it. - - - BOOTH, the tragedian, is dead; and in him has departed a

man of true genius. What an actor he was! With almost every thing physically against him, small stature, inelegant lower limbs, and at the last a broken nose, he had nevertheless that burning fire of GENIUS, that God-given gift, which threw every mere personal defect into deepest shadow. Who can ever forget his Sir GILES OVERREACH, his HAMLET, his RICHARD the Third? What entrances and exits of the stage were his! No actor that we have ever seen in our short life ever so affected our *spirit* as Booth in his palmiest days. Poor erratic child of genius! But 'after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well! Nothing can touch him farther.' - - - A FRIEND who spent some weeks the past autumn in Montpelier, Vermont, as a member of the State Legislature, vouches for the following: The morning after the death of DANIEL WEBSTER, he was making his way to the capitol, (one of the most beautiful edifices in the country, by the way,) when he fell in with a somewhat 'pompious' clergyman, hailing from a far-western State — a brother or brother-in-law of one of the members of Congress from his district. Our friend remarked that the Legislature would probably adjourn immediately, on account of the national bereavement. 'Won't there be any other ceremony on the occasion?' asked the clergyman. 'I presume not to-day,' was the reply. 'In some places,' explained the western divine, 'it is usual on such occasions for some one to pronounce a *philippic*!' Not being well posted up in such proprieties, the Legislature omitted the 'philippic.' The same member reports that one of his fellow-legislators objected strongly to some of the provisions of the new 'Liquor-Law' as being, in his humble opinion, quite too '*astrigent*!' - - - A JOURNEYING correspondent of the '*Times*' daily journal, in a description of the upper and lower falls of the Genesee at Portage, ventures the prediction, that in less than five years these wonders of nature will attract as many visitors as Niagara. We have not a doubt of this. We visited them in October, and must say that they are matchless in the grandeur and almost fearful sublimity of their surroundings. No scenery that we ever beheld approaches them in *wild vastness*, for we can think of no better combination of words to express their peculiar character. Mr. HENRY J. BRENT, the distinguished landscape-painter, now resident at Rochester, has painted two views, from picturesque points, of these great wonders of nature. The first, executed for Colonel SEAS SETMOUR, embraces the Upper Fall, and that most marvellous of modern kindred achievements, the Great Rail-Road Bridge, that spans the awful gorge of the Genesee at Portage: the second, a commission from Mr. WADSWORTH, of Genesee, embodies a view of the Lower Fall, with its bold accessories of rocks and towering headlands. No points could have been better chosen. - - - 'Will you tell me,' writes a friend, 'where I can get a song, mentioned in your September number, and advertised in my village paper to-day, as '*Sung to ANNOT LYLE by Sir WALTER SCOTT*'?' My sister suggests that Sir WALTER must have been accompanied in his solo by the 'Last Minstrel!' - - - AN old and cherished friend, doubtless at this present moment in Seville, old Spain, in company with a companion whose genius has made him world-renowned, mentioned to us one evening a little circumstance that reminded us not a little of 'Grandfather WHITEHEAD,' so inimitably represented by PLACIDE the elder. 'I'm all right,' said an old city merchant, to a friend who had congratulated him upon his hale old age, 'I'm all right, only I can't *remember* any thing: memory's gone; forget every thing that I wanted to remember when I left home: can't *think* o' nothing.' 'Why don't you keep a little memorandum book? *That* would always refresh your memory.' 'Well, I *do* keep one; but I can't remember to bring it *down*

with me. I'm *very* forgetful — very.' 'Past surgery,' dear Sir — 'past surgery!' - - - What a lovely winter, thus far, we have had in this our goodliest of all goodly cities! Take up the telegraph weather-reports in your morning papers, and in all directions you may find, 'Snow fell six inches last night;' rain, with a sour east wind;' 'snow-storm raging, and a terrific gale on the lake,' etc., etc.: while here, in a climate tempered by the great equable ocean that surrounds us, day after day the sun rises and sets in the pure apple-green of our clear cool sky. We really *love* this metropolis of our native 'Empire State!' - - - FRASER'S London Magazine has been showing up the pretensions of that amiable, weak, vain, and inconceivably over-rated poetaster, TUPPER. A cutting imitation of his 'Proverbial Philosophy' is embraced in the review: as for example:

'THE sun sets in the west; darkness envelopes the earth.
 Light is something: we have said it; when the sun sets something is gone.
 Speech is the light of thought; silence is darkness; thought is a sun.
 When the sun sets, thought ends; silence should come, but it does not.
 Speech which is light goes on, yet how it is light we marvel.
 Speech without thought is heavy; heavy and light are dissimilar.
 Speech, then, is light and heavy; there is unity in contradiction.
 We talk, but we have nothing to say: such talk is proverbial.
 Give us a form of speech; give us a manner of speaking.
 Sentences please on the lip, if the mouth will utter them roundly.
 Matter to say we have none, but we speak in the manner of TUPPER.
 Manner will make the man, and as for the matter — what matter?
 Yet it is good to pause in a thing that might go on for ever.
 Milk is sweet, nuts are hard, bricks are red, but white occasionally.
 Let the voice die on the lip: the words of the wise are ended.'

'HEAD-ACHE' proper is an ailment with which we were never at all troubled but if any of our readers should be afflicted with it, at any time, it will be a pleasant thing to know what it is, according to a late German medical author, who has divided, classified, and named the different varieties. Just observe of what awful ailments your head may be susceptible: 'Klopfen-Stehend; Stechend-Bohrend; Klemmend; Klopfenreissend; Drückend; Bentaubender; Glücksender; Klopfender; Auseinanderpressender; Pressender; Zerspringender; Wogender; Schwappender; Ziehend; Spannend; Drückendpressend; Schraubender; Zwangender; Herauspressend; Zusammenpressend; Ziehendwählend.' Riding up Broadway in an omnibus the other afternoon, we saw 'on the street,' as they say at the south, a young man who had the '*Zusammenpressend*' to such a degree that he could hardly sustain himself from falling. By-the-by, certain of our medical testimony before coroners' inquests are not much behind these German 'head-aches' in general comprehensibility. A metropolitan physician testified on a recent inquest, that he found, on examining the body of the deceased, 'more than a *normal* quantity of blood in the liver; the *subarachnoid serous effusion* more abundant than usual; the *condensation* of the brain awry, except a portion of the *cervical* substance, and a *ludimnia* upon the left portion: *alluminous infiltration* was visible in the vascular structure of the kidneys, which were also *emphismatous*.' The man being dead, the coroner's jury wisely thought that such a number of learned symptoms were enough to kill any body, and they brought in a verdict according to these 'plain facts.' - - - How many things one sees, in running over the columns of a morning journal at the breakfast-table, to touch the heart with sympathy and sadness! Just now, in reading the report of the trial of a young man for murder — since convicted, and

now awaiting the dread execution of the law—we came upon the following passage in the testimony:

'MRS. SAUL sworn: 'Prisoner is my son. He is my only son. My husband is not living.'

May God pity and help that poor, aged, widowed mother, in the trials through which she has already passed, and has yet to endure! Surely *she* must feel that there is 'another and a better world' than this, the theatre of her mortal sorrow and agony! - - - MR. B——, a well-known metropolitan printer, once told us that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into his printing-office with an old BIBLE in her hand. 'I want,' said she, 'that you should print it over ag'in. It's gettin' a leetle blurred, sort of, and my eyes isn't wot they wos. How much do you ax?' 'Fifty cents.' 'Can you have it done in half an hour?—wish you would: want to be gittin' home: live good ways out o' teōwn.' 'Certainly.' When the old lady went out, he sent round to the office of the American Bible Society and purchased a copy for fifty cents. 'Lor' sakes a-massy!' exclaimed the old lady, when she came to look at it, 'how good you've 'fixed' it!—it's e'en-a'most as good as new! I never see nothin' so cur'ous as what printin' is!' - - - PERHAPS few of our readers will remember, what we have never encountered until to-day, the following '*Epitaph on a British Calf*.' It is ascribed to the great statesman, GEORGE CANNING, and was to have adorned the monument erected over the Marquis of ANGLESEA's leg, which he lost in the battle of Waterloo:

'The bard who writes these lines is sure
That those who read the whole
Will find a laugh was premature,
For here too lies a sole.

'And here five little ones repose,
Twin-born with other five,
Unheeded by their brother toes,
Who all are now alive.

'A leg and foot, to speak more plain,
Rest here of one commanding,
Who, though his wits he might retain,
Lost half his understanding:

'And when the guns, with thunder franght,
Poured bullets thick as hail,
Could only in this way be taught
To give the foe leg-bail:

'And now in England, just as gay
As in the battle brave,
Goes to a rout, review or play,
With one foot in the grave.

'Fortune in vain here showed her spite,
For he will still be found
With England's sons again in fight,
Resolved to stand his ground.

'But Fortune's pardon I must beg,
She meant not to disarm;
For when she lopp'd the hero's leg,
She did not seek his harm:

'And but indulged a harmless whim;
Since he could walk with one,
She saw two legs were lost on him
Who never meant to run.'

THE following description of '*A Visit to Glenmary*,' the former residence of Mr. N. P. WILLIS, near Owego, would perhaps have appeared more timely in an earlier number, for which indeed it was intended. We can testify to the faithfulness of the limning. The last time we visited GLENMARY was on a warm, wet November day. Save an umbrella, 'companion we had none.' Over the picket enclosing the grave of the poet's little daughter, here spoken of, a small light tree had fallen; the rain was trickling from its leafless sprays upon the grave below, and little streams were percolating from the gray-green mossy wall of the tomb into the murmuring brook below, whose miniature cascades, as it gurgled and fretted onward, gave forth a plaintive sound, seeming to say, in a faintly-audible voice, 'Sleep, baby, sleep!' The letter, however, is more 'in order:'

'DEAR KNICK: You are an EDITOR, and the world says that I have a perfect right to abuse or compliment you at pleasure; to write to you, and indeed to make free with your time and fair name, as though they were my own: therefore bear with me patiently. The moments hang heavy upon my hands, and I address you more with the expectation of 'killing time' than of either amusing or interesting you very much.

'Choked with dust, and tired of footing the ragged pavements of this otherwise delightful Owego, I paid a visit, a few days since, to GLENMARY; and you, I know, can appreciate the pleasures of an afternoon so spent. A delightful ride of half an hour's duration brought us (for there was a 'we' composing the party) to the former residence of Mr. WILLIS. We had planned the excursion, but Nature manufactured the weather; and never was there a more lovely day 'for seeing' than that. No great coarse red-faced sun blazed away in our faces, but softly and mildly the light came down through the thick foliage that shadows the glen. A single foot-path wanders up the ascent, turning and winding as though uncertain of its way; now leading straight through a long avenue of noble old forest-trees, worn by time, and showing in their rough trunks and gnarled limbs evidences of many a stormy day, and of a youth long since gone by; and again burying the visitor in a wilderness as profound as though human footstep had never trod it. As the eye gazes up at the towering arch of fresh and whispering leaves above, the ear catches the ceaseless murmuring among the branches, and listens instinctively, as if there might be whispering voices in the air. Indeed, I know not why, but there is a silence and lonely beauty pervading every thing, that speaks more audibly to the heart than to the outward senses. A little brook winds merrily down the glen, rushing along as though hastening to the open valley below, to escape from shadows and darkness, and to dance in the open light of the unclouded sun.

'On the banks of this little stream is pointed out the spot where a fair and majestic lady (now, alas! 'gone glimmering through the dream of things that were!') used to sit, and with her white feet 'trouble the stream,' while the poet bathed them in the crystal waters. But a short distance thence, I found the little tortoise-shell comb which I send you. May not that fair lady, in making her sylvan toilet, have dropped it there, and left it thus unnoticed?

'About half-way up the glen a rustic seat is placed, tempting the visitor to rest, and more leisurely view the beauties of the place. Near this a foot-bridge across the stream leads to the grave of Mr. WILLIS's child. No stone marks the spot, but a light paling surrounds it, and at the foot of the grave a simple rose-bush is growing. Indeed, it is a fitting scene for a child's last sleep; buried among the trees, that look down as though in their strength to protect it, and the never-ceasing murmur of the little stream, and the whispering of the leaves sounding faintly around.

'After sitting here some time, we continued our walk up the glen. So strongly imbued were we with the beauties of the place, that we immediately got up a little operatic amusement, to give our pent-up feelings vent. One of the party, whom I will call 'FAIR,' undertook to 'do' NORMA, while CHARLEY C—, of New-York, (whom you know, I presume), executed the DRUIDS and ADALGISA; and your servant was orchestra and audience. The solemn stillness was broken by sounds that never before had interrupted this retreat, and the old woods learned new echoes.

'But I will trespass no longer on your patience. Suffice it to say, that NORMA gave out, ADALGISA 'fizzled,' and the DRUIDS, with the orchestra and audience at their heels, rushed from off the scene, and stood in a few moments at the summit of the hill. From here we could see the lovely valley of the Susquehanna spread out below, like a vast picture of wondrous beauty, with Owego, quiet, pleasant, and home-like, (*That* it is!—Eh,) slumbering in the midst of it. The river for miles wanders through the valley, winding and turning, as loth to leave the scene, and yet greeting the eye just as pleasantly, till it is finally lost from sight.

'For a long time we gazed in silence upon the lovely valley before us, and when our 'unwilling footsteps homeward bent,' a feeling almost of loneliness came over us, and we turned again wistfully to gaze, till the surrounding trees shut out the view.

'Excuse haste and a bad pen: Truly Yours,

'FEATHERSTREAM.'

'P. S.—We spent the evening over a bottle of '*Sparkling Micauber*,' and our glasses clinked musically to the names of yourself, 'O KING,' *et als.*'

A young man from the 'rural districts,' being on his first trip to see how the world wagged, arrived in Buffalo a short time since, and put up for the night at a first-class hotel. On retiring he deposited his boots at the side of his chair by the door. On getting up next morning, he discovered that his boots had 'made tracks.' He rushed down stairs to the office, made inquiry after his lost property, and was informed by the clerk that probably the porter had them. 'PORTER's got 'em, eh?' said he: 'well, I'd like to know what in thunder Mr. PORTER's got to do with *my* boots!' Having discovered the whereabouts of the 'colored pusson' who had taken them away, he demanded his boots. 'Dar dey is,' said EBONY, producing a pair of highly-polished cow-hides. 'No, *them* aint 'em!' he exclaimed:

'mine was a *dirty* pair!' The grin of the African was '*some*,' as the phrase goes in that quarter. - - - The author of '*A Chapter on Stuttering*' (which awaits insertion) writes: 'Permit me to inquire whether our late lamented 'OLLAPOD' was not afflicted, to some extent, with a habit of stuttering? He possessed very many points of resemblance, in common with CHARLES LAMB and LEIGH HUNT, both of whom labored under an impediment of speech.' Not at all: a pleasant voice, a conversation free and flowing, as all will attest, who ever knew him, were especial characteristics of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. - - - The LESTER RIFLES, named after the excellent foreman of the printing-office of the KNICKERBOCKER, under the command of Captain S. L. R. THOMPSON, made a target excursion to Hoboken, recently, and had rare sport. Many prizes were won, of greater or less value; a fine silver goblet among them, and a most beautiful pair of castors from the establishment of our friend LUCIUS HART, number six Burling Slip, whose Britannia and silver-plated ware, in all varieties, for use as well as ornament, are no where excelled, either for beauty or cheapness. If any city reader doubts, *test* him! - - - 'How do you get on with your arithmetic and catechism?' asked a father of his little boy the other night: 'How far have you got?' 'I've ciphered through Addition, Substraction, Justification, Adoption, and Sanctification!' answered the little fellow. It used to puzzle us a good deal, we remember, when a boy, to 'cipher out' the meaning of several of these last-named 'sums.' - - - In answer to several inquiries, we may say in this place, that orders with enclosures for the '*Knick-Knacks*' may be sent either to L. GAYLORD CLARK, Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, Number 139 Nassau-street, or to D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, the publishers, Number 200 Broadway. A third large edition seems 'inevitable.' We hope it may be found a pleasant holiday-book to many readers. - - - Our friend LUCIUS HART tells a capital story of the ingenuity exercised by a little boy, in calling attention to his first pair of new boots: The little fellow would draw up his pantaloons, and display the whole of his boots; then walk up and down the room, with eyes now on the shining leather, and now upon a friend of his father's, who was present: but it was a bootless effort. At length, however, he succeeded. Sitting in front of both, he exclaimed: 'Father, ain't three times two six?' 'Yes, my son.' 'Well, then,' said he, pointing to each of their feet, 'if three times two is six, *there's just six boots in this room!*' - - - 'What a long tail our comet has got!' Professor OLMSTED, of Yale College, in a town-lecture upon astronomy, the other evening, speaking of the '*Great American Comet*,' (we take it that there is no *other* such comet in 'Ew-rop,') observed that 'The rate at which it travelled was about one million three hundred thousand miles an hour, more than four thousand miles to every pulsation of the wrist, or beat of the clock. It was also remarkable for its near approach to the sun; in fact, it almost grazed that body. The least calculation of its tail made it about a hundred millions of miles in length. So that were it wound round the earth like a serpent, it would go around it four thousand times!' Now it seems to us that that is *too* big a tail for *any* 'body,' celestial or terrestrial, and especially for an '*erratic* body,' bound by no law unless it be by some 'higher law' than is known to the other 'bodies celestial,' whose 'glory' does n't lie in exactly the same direction. Apropos of this magnificent scale of celestial measurement: it reminds us of a reply once made in England by one of our own 'cute Yankees to a London cockney, who, standing upon the 'benk of the Tems, nea-urr Grinidge,' said: 'Me deah Saw; 'av' you any such rivers as *that* in Emerikaw?'

'As *that*!!' exclaimed the Yankee: 'what, that muddy creek! Get *ë*out! Why, we've got more'n ten-and-twenty rivers that would flow straight through the 'Big Brook,' the 'Tlantic ocean, that shets you off from us, and then stick *ë*out further on both sides than all the rivers that you got in your hull 'garden-patch,' as you call your little 'Island o' *Eng*-land!' 'Ged *blez* me soul!' exclaimed the cockney, drily: 'that's very extrod'nary!' And it *was*, 'rayther!' But comets' tails out of the question, we have pigs' tails enough, accumulated in one year, in the capital of one State in the Union, to eclipse the erratic heavenly body of which Professor OLMSTED speaks. Accurate statistics have been furnished, from a porcine 'observatory' at Cincinnati, from which it appears, that pigs enough are slaughtered in the 'Queen City of the West' alone, not only to cross the Atlantic, each with the tail of his next neighbor in his mouth, but that, without straightening the kinks in the tail of any one 'individual' of the 'species' which 'form the line,' the whole would reach, and nearly double on, the other side! Grand is astronomy! Wonderful, mathematics! - - - You step into the office of the New-York and Erie Rail-Road, or that of the Hudson River Rail-Road, and in the superintendents of each you shall see two thoughtful-looking gentlemen, engaged in what you cannot help perceiving are very important avocations. They are not unlike commanders of armies. Every hour, and sometimes every half hour, their 'troops' and 'supplies' are passing and repassing each other, each going or coming to different near or distant points, with 'baggage,' and freight, and 'munitions,' following in the rear; upon iron roads, quilted with 'turn-outs' and mazy with curves and parallels; but there they sit, with the map of their battle-fields, the 'time-tables,' before them, 'calm as a summer's morning,' because they know that if their officers and 'train'-ed soldiers do but perform their duty, they need fear no evil. What an effective thing is SYSTEM, legitimately carried out by competent and faithful directors of pliant POWER! Think for a single moment of this, reader, as you are whirled past the bleak wintry landscape, riding securely and delightfully in the 'rapid car.' - - - A FRIEND at West-Point tells us a comical anecdote of a very diffident young clergyman, who had been invited to dine with a professional brother, who also kept a young ladies' boarding-school. He was introduced to a bevy of the fair pupils in the drawing-room, and among them to a Miss M —, to whom he said, stammeringly: 'A-a-a-a— Miss M —, a-a-I-I-I am not entirely unacquainted with you. I-I-I had the honor of *sleeping with your father* a short time ago!' If this isn't a rich specimen of the art of 'scraping acquaintance,' we have never heard of one. It beats 'poor Power,' in the 'Man of Nerve,' all to nothing. - - - In the pamphlet entitled '*Grinnell Land*,' by Colonel FORCE, of Washington City, it is conclusively proved that in recent English national maps the name of Mr. GRINNELL has been ejected from a land where, according to the laws and usages of all civilized nations, it had a right to remain for ever, and '*Albert Land*' inserted instead. 'Such,' concludes the writer, 'are the thanks and the greetings of England to America for sending solicited aid to assist in finding her long-absent subjects!' - - - A FEW Sundays since, Reverend Dr. — was invited to make a few remarks to some infant scholars, attached to a Sabbath-school; children from four to eight years of age. 'My dear children,' said the learned Doctor, 'you have great privileges; far greater than those enjoyed who lived in the days of ARISTOTLE, COPERNICUS and PYTHAGORAS; for had you all the advantages of the Pythagorean age, it would not prevent you from being drawn away by the ignis-fatuus of Sin!'

From a review in the 'Century Papers' of an article upon '*Gastronomy and Gastronomers*,' embraced in a volume of 'Selections from the Quarterly Review,' (contained in one of the excellent works known as 'The APPLETON Library,') we segregate the subjoined extracts. Probably the reviewer had never heard of the Strasbourg goose, the hero of the first *Paté de fois Gras*, of whom the experimenting 'chef' remarked, that 'his great heart throbbed with pride for the honor of the French cuisine, as he stood with bursting liver before the devouring fire, a martyr to the grand science!'

'TO MAKE A PIG TASTE LIKE A WILD BOAR.—Take a living pig, and let him swallow the following drink, viz.: Boil together in vinegar and water some rosemary, thyme, sweet basil, bay-leaves, and sage. When you have let him swallow this, immediately whip him to death!—and roast him forthwith!'

'HOW TO EAT A GOOSE ALIVE.'—Take a goose, or a duck, or some such lively creature, (but a goose is best of all for this purpose,) pull off all his feathers, only the head and neck must be spared. Then make a fire round about her; not too close to her, that the smoke do not choke her, and that the fire may not burn her too soon; nor too far off, that she may not escape free. Within the circle of the fire, set small cups and pots, full of water wherein salt and honey are mingled; and let there be set also chargers, full of sodden apples, cut into small pieces in the dish. The goose must be all larded and basted over with butter, to make her the more fit to be eaten, and may roast the better: put then fire about her, but do not make too much haste: when, as you see her begin to roast—for, by walking about and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire, that stops her way out, the unwearied goose is kept in, she will fall to drink the water to quench her thirst and cool her heart, and all the body, and the apple-sauce will make her empty and cleanse herself; and when she roasteth and consumes inwardly, always wet her head and heart with a wet sponge; and when you see her giddy with running, and begin to stumble, her heart wants moisture, and she is roasted enough! Take her up, set her before your guests, and she will cry as you cut off any part of her, and will be almost eaten up before she be dead. It is mighty pleasant to behold!'

'*Elegiac Stanzas*,' by HENRY W. ROCKWELL, will appear in our next, as also a poem on the death of DANIEL WEBSTER. 'Water-cure, a Bubble,' etc., has been placed in type. The following friends will be responded to in the Gossip of our February number: 'The Professor,' BEVERLEY, of Burlington, 'J. B. B.,' 'W. F. G.,' Saratoga, 'B. G.' and 'G. H. S.,' Erie, (Pa.,) 'E. AND A. B.,' Nashville, (Tenn.,) 'J. B.,' 'C. W. J.,' Oxford, Maryland, 'B. F. S. G.,' Charlestown, (Mass.,) 'Rusticus,' 'M. D. P.,' with his book of 'matchless verse,' and many matters more. A notice of our gifted contributor, 'W. N.,' author of 'BLONDINE,' in a late number, was accidentally omitted in making up our forms. - - - The present number being stereotyped, we were compelled to prepare our matter early, by which means much has been omitted from our pages that would otherwise have appeared. Works, many of them of more than common interest, from the following publishing-houses, will be noticed in our next: Messrs. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS, and JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY, Boston; BANGS, BROTHER AND COMPANY; D. APPLETON AND COMPANY; GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY; HARPER AND BROTHERS, and JOHN WILEY. - - - 'HAPPY NEW-YEAR!'

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

THE PUBLISHER desires to inform the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER that he had engaged the artist who illustrated the EDITOR'S 'KNICK-KNACKS' to make an etching of the EDITOR'S SANCTUM to go in the present number. A slight accident renders it impossible to get the plate ready in time. Having calculated much on furnishing subscribers with something more than had been promised, he was seriously disappointed in his expectations. Not being able at the last moment to provide an appropriate plate, it occurred to him that from the numerous applications he has had for the EDITOR'S portrait, he could not do better than let that take the place of the designed illustration. It is nearly four years since it appeared, and the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER are now about ten times as many as at that period. He trusts, therefore, that the comparatively few who may have duplicates of the portrait will remember that we charge them nothing extra for it, and while they may have two copies, to the great majority of our patrons it will be new, and we trust not unacceptable. The etching of the sanctum will be completed and issued in a subsequent number.